

1  
1757  
18  
G O D  
IN THE  
CREATURE.

BEING  
A P O E M in Three Parts:  
V I Z.

A Song of Praise in Contemplation of the Works  
of Creation and Providence in General: With  
a Debate touching Providence in particular,  
(by way of Dialogue.

V I Z.

*Cur male bonis, & bene malis, eum sit Providentia.*

Why goes it ill with the Good, and well with the Evil  
seeing there is Providence?

With several other POEMS and ODES.

By HENRY GRENFIELD.

*corrected and amended*

*For the invisible things of him, from the Creation of the World  
are clearly seen. being understood by the things that are made,  
even his Eternal Power and Godhead, Rom. i. ver. 20.*

*I will sing unto the Lord, as long as I live; I will sing Praise un-  
to my God, while I have my being, Psal. 134. v. 33.*

L O N D O N :

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M D C L X X X V I.

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*To the Worshipful the Mayor, the Right  
Honourable the Recorder, with the Ho-  
nourable and Worshipful Justices, Al-  
dermen, and all the rest of the Worthy  
Capitol Burgeses of the Reformed and  
Loyal Corporation of the Borough of  
T R U R O, in the County of  
C O R N W A L L.*

*S I R S,*

**I** Cannot but with a chearful Hu-  
mility, declare my self under a  
double Obligation of all possi-  
ble Respect and Service to your  
Honourable and most Loyal Frater-  
nity, and particularly of my present  
Address, tho with so minute and home-  
ly an Offering, which hath indeed in  
you a most encouraging Goodness to

A 3 , promise,

*The Epistle Dedicatory,*

promise, but in it self only the venerable Excellence of its Subject to sollicite a favourable Reception.

The first Obligation, is a Debt of Love and Honour; the Heathen could see this by the obscure twilight of Nature, esteeming their highest Love and Honour to be their Countries indispensable due, first, to the King or Supreme, by what Name or Title soever dignified or distinguished; next, to them that are sent by, or set in Authority under him; Lastly, to the whole Community of fellow Subjects. And such as were their Affections at large to their Countries in general, such also were their more particular Propensions and Devoirs to the particular Places of their respective Nativities, which is my present behoof.

In this Ancient Corporation I drew my first Breath; and to this therefore

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

therefore would gladly pay the first fruits of my Honest (howsoever unfortunate) Endeavours. But to this natural Incitement of Love and Honour, we have in you the happy Accession of a most generous and noble Loyalty: Loyalty! the grand Comprehension, in one Word, of all Publick and Political Virtue, so far forth as refers to the Subjects; an abridgment, like Love, not only of the Principles of both Tables of Positive Divine Law, but also of the Fundamental and Unwritten Divine Law of Nature, those Common Notions and Transcripts of the Eternal Law, which are none other but the immutable Idea's of Religion, interwoven in the very Make and Original Contexture of our Beings; for what, but the peaceful Hands of Loyalty, beautiful as the Rosie Fingers of the Morning, preserves inviolate the Sacred Marriage of the Fear of  
A 3 the

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

the Lord with that of the King ; or  
( as it is equivalently phrased ) of the  
Fear of the Lord with the Honour of  
the King ? 'Tis this prevents, with a  
Golden Chain of most harmoniously  
conspiring Graces, the setting asunder  
of those whom God hath joined to-  
gether : Nor can she indeed apprehend  
these two capable of a real Existence  
in a state of Separation ; for our Fear  
of the Deity, and our Honour of  
Majesty, as like *Jonathan* and *Saul*;  
they are lovely and pleasant together  
in their Lives, so can they not be other  
than undivided in their Deaths ; like  
*Hippocrates's* Twins, as they live, so  
must they dye, ( which Heaven ever  
forbid ) dye together, and \* dye in each  
others Arms : So that Loyalty, where-  
ever she lights, tho on a Dunghil, car-  
ries a commanding Lustre in her Face ;  
but an advantageous setting off the  
Jewel in Generous and Noble Metals I  
( such

read \*  
die  
each in  
each



*The Epistle Dedicatory,*

(such as your selves) ; as it mightily commends its Beauty, so ought proportionably to heighten its Value : But wherewithal then can I evidence a commensurate Respect ? Commensurate ! nay, in any Measure competent to so much, and such excellent Worth ? why in the present State of *Truro*, 'tis now (Thanks be to Heaven) easie to see awful Authority, and a most Rational, Ingenuous Candor, going Hand in Hand, and every where to the grief of Faction, but the Delight of God, and all honest Men, embracing and greeting each other with a Holy Kiss ; and certainly such<sup>road \*</sup> a temperate Body will <sup>atempored</sup> not expect more from its *Denizen* Servants, than the circumstances of their Habitation can dispose them to.

The thick and misty Air of a Marshy, and on every side most depressed Vale, serves not for such Noble and Lofty Flights, as the benign Serenity that

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

that blesses the flowry Banks of *Isis* and *Cham*, and those ever Springful Bowers of most happy *Thames*, where the Muses have their perpetual Residence, and Imperial Court. As for Silver and Gold, such as the more splendid and Heroical Pieces of Poësie, I have none; but such as the *Cornish* Muse affords, once in the Name of all that's Good, I humbly present you with, as the humble Specimens of an unmodish, hearty Gratitude: And this is a second Obligation I would have all Men to know I lye under to your Honourable and most Loyal Fraternity; a Debt of Gratitude, the most comprehensive of all Debts, and deeply  
*founde*\* found in Nature: I am (Sirs) undoubtedly secured of no Inferior Place in your Favour, by many pregnant Instances, but more especially by your last most sensible demonstration of Kindness, the Character whereof is indelibly

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

delibly written in my Heart ( as with  
a Diamond ). Nor shall the Recognition  
of the same on all suitable occasions  
be only ingeminated in my Mouth,  
but also seconded by agreeable Action,  
so far forth as the Sphere and Abilities,  
which the Divine Goodness hath allotted  
me to act in, and by, shall permit :  
For so abundant and uncontroulably  
Gracious have been your Condescensions,  
that they are to me in reality as  
Glorious and obliging as the so much  
celebrated Descent of the Amorous  
God to his *Danaes* in a Golden Shower,  
could ever be to the most credulous  
Admirers of Poetick Fables : So that  
( *Sirs* ) 'tis not at all to be reckoned  
amongst Wonders, that I thus expose  
and hazzard the little Reputation of  
my Parts, to evidence and evince the  
greater Power and Prevalence of my  
Gratitude : But to ease your Patience,  
I conclude with the humble

read \*  
*Danaes*

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

humble Oreizons of your Countrey  
Muse,

Pardon a slender Vapour coming  
near,

In this Ascent, towards your Noble  
Sphere :

Ascent ow'd to no want of lowly Sense,  
But to your strong attractive Influence.  
Such Sacrifice from earth, Heaven don't  
disdain,

Witness their kind returns in gentle  
Rain.

And therefore cannot you, in whom are  
all

The Constellations we can Heavenly  
call :

So all Church Organs sing : Nor is  
there Room,

Since you 're great *James's* choice, for  
doubt to come.

Take



*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

Take then this Mite amidst your Honouring Croud,

Which only of your Crown'ing Name is proud:

A Pious Bird her humble Feathers brings,

To the \* *Ephesian* Glory; *Asia's* Kings

Accept her Zeal amongst their noblest things:

Nor was Goats Hair, and Badgers skins put back

From his blest Seat ::, who could no Purple lack:

'Tis not Heav'ns Greatness to encrease, but show

What to its Goodness we poor Mortals owe,

\* The Temple of *Diana at Ephesus.*

\* The Sacred Tabernacle.

That

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

That all Religion means ; therefore  
such Trees  
As give no food, the chiefest Deities  
Thought fit to chuse. Great *Jupi-*  
*ter* for *Oak* ;  
*Apollo*, *Lawrel* ; *Venus*, *Myrtle* spoke ;  
*Bacchus*, the *Ivy* ; *Hercules*, *Poplar* took ;  
Then take you this, not meant to make  
you more,  
But only show, that we your worth a  
Your Worth, which stands storm-proof,  
as sacred Oaks,  
And like the *Lawrel*, smiles at lightning  
Of envious eyes, of whose fresh leaves  
is made,  
As of a *Myrtle* Grove a pleasant shade,  
All to delight and shroud, that sing  
your Name, ( the same ;  
On *Oaten* Pipes, and teach the Woods

The

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

The Woods the same! Woods once obedient were, ( Air.

To *Orpheus*, and danc'd to's charming  
Nor did Rocks to *Amphion* less perform, ( to form.

His Musick drew them mighty *Thebes*  
So may your gentle Airs rude Nature storm,

Storm to a Calm, till you bring on  
the stage,

The peaceful Worlds most Loyal  
Golden Age:

*So Prays,*

*Sirs,*

*Your most Humbly Devoted,*

**HENRY GRENFIELD.**

T O

The Epistle Dedicatory  
 The Woods the Forest Woods once  
 (Air)  
 To Orpheus, and danc'd to's charming  
 Nor did Rocks to Amphion less per-  
 form (to form)  
 His Music drew them mighty Rocks  
 So may your gentle Airs rude Nations  
 form  
 Soothe to a Calm, till you bring on  
 the stage  
 The peaceful Worlds most Loyal  
 Golden Age:

So Prays

212

Your most Humble Devoted

HENRY GREENFIELD

TO



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TO THE  
READER.

Candid Reader,

**I** Must satisfy my self in Advertising you, on what account my Littleness is so daring, as first, to offer any thing of its own to publick view; and secondly, Why a work of this Nature? As for the first, I can solemnly affirm, I do it not without much painful Reluctance, Resulting from the Conscious and most Mature apprehensions of my Insufficiency to produce any thing of a Complexion strong enough to endure an open and piercing Air, which I have good reason to expect: But in this Dispute, the over-ruling consideration of Gratitude (as I afore hinted) remains Conqueror, and sways my Actions quite counter to my inclinations. As  
★  
for

## To the Reader.

for the second, granting I am oblig'd by some moral inforcements to appear thus unwillingly publick; why yet should I chuse to do it in a dress of this kind, which by how much the more it is of Divine Materials, is by so much the more of weighty import, and hazardous attempt? For who is sufficient for those things? 'Tis the good pleasure of Heaven, to which we all owe the profoundest and chearfullest obedience, that hitherto I should remain short of the prime and darling end of my Studies; Namely, of being admitted to serve at the Holy Altar, or of going, not as the Scribes, but as one having authority, before the multitude, into the House of the Lord, in the Voice of Praise and Thanks-giving, amongst such as keep Holy-day; the Prime and Darling end (I say) of my Studies; for the meanest Door-keeper in the House of God (as amongst us) Establish'd by Law, in a decency and order, well becoming

## To the Reader.

*coming the Beauty of Holiness, and most expressive of the Heroical Primitive Piety, I ever Esteemed infinitely preferable to the Proudest Prince in the Synagogues of Corah. For this reason, tho with my heart I abhor all Sacrilegious Intrusions on the Altar, yet fain would I rival the little Sparrow and Swallow in contending for a place to Set and Sing within an allowable propinquity.*

*In pursuance hereof, I cannot but endeavour, seeing Condemned (as the dumb Jack in the Virginals) to a Regretful silence; yet by one motion or other to contribute somewhat to the general Harmony, in which all Creatures, by the Indispensible Laws of their Creation ought to bear a part; that is, in the Resounding the praises of the most Glorious Creator, that great Harmostes, or Master of Harmony, which hath so Musically Composed the Universal Poem of both the Intellectual and Sensible Worlds, in just*

## To the Reader.

*Number, Weight and Measure, that each part answers other, and all the Whole in most Tunable Proportions.*

*Nor could I accomplish this noble end in a more worthy Argument, than a cheerful Contemplation of the Divine Perfection in the Works of Creation and Providence; than which there is no part of Natural Theology more necessarily behoofeful, or more excellently comfortable.*

*As to my self, I am fully perswaded, there is no more efficacious preservative of the Life\* and true Happiness, or a more Vigorous Antidote against the Stings of Misery, than this one consideration of an All-wise, most Gracious All-disposing Providence; a General over the General System of the World, a special over man, and most special over good men; which consideration busies it self not so much in conversing (as Democritus) altogether with Melancholick Creatures, to search out the seat and nature of black choler; as in preventing*



## To the Reader.

venting (if possible) so malignant a humour; or if not, then in sweetning the Waters imbitter'd by it, with infusions of heavenly Nectar: Which otherwise might prove incomparably more unpotable than the bitterest of the Waters of Meribah. And what is so sensibly evident to me, with immediate respect to my self, I am also morally ascertain'd of with Relation to others; and more particularly, my Brethren in Religion, Church and Country; that especially, in these distracted and troublesome times, when all order hath been wickedly design'd and attempted to be overwhelmed with Confusion: There is no more opportune consideration than this, as well for necessity, as pleasure: Nay, more necessary for the support, as well as of the being, as of the well-being of all natural, and consequently all revealed Religion; that being a main prop and foundation of this.

It

## To the Reader.

It is true, the Holy Jesus, God blessed for ever incarnate, is the sole fountain of our true comfort; especially, of that most sublimated comprehensive comfort, the Peace of God, which passeth all understanding. Yet without a previous perswasion of this over-ruling Providence, this inexhaustible Fountain (quo ad nos) would inevitably dry up, as to the Act of affording us any solid, either present, or hoped Consolation. But let the good man which exerciseth himself herein to keep a Conscience void of Offence towards God and towards Man, carry about in his Bosome an applying consideration of Divine Providence: And he is most truly the Philosophers  $\pi\tau\epsilon\acute{\alpha}\gamma\omega\nu\textcircled{\text{c}}\ \acute{\alpha}\nu\eta\rho$ , a foursquar'd man; cast him where you will, he will be sure to fall as a Dye on a secure bottom. Which saving consideration of Divine Providence, that you and I, and all our Fellow Christians, may of the Divine Mercy obtain, and by the Divine Grace improve  
from

To the Reader.

*from one degree to another, till it arrives  
to a perfect Plerophory, is the hearty  
prayer of*

Your truly Affectionate

HENRY GREENFIELD.

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G O D

TO THE

MEMBERS OF THE

LEGISLATIVE

COMMISSION

OF THE

STATE OF

NEW YORK

IN

ANSWER

TO A

RESOLUTION

PASSED

AT THE

ANNUAL

SESSION

OF THE

LEGISLATURE

OF THE

STATE OF

NEW YORK

IN

THE

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G O D  
IN THE  
CREATURE.

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P A R T I

---

**J**UST were the Eye-lids of the Morn unstay'd,  
And pleasant Light with nimble Wings dis-  
(play'd :  
Guiliding with silver Strakes each fitted Cloud;  
Whilst early Larks their Mattens sung aloud  
A grateful Hymn to welcome the glad sight  
Of Heav'ns First-born Blessing, Earth's Delight,  
The smile of Nature, and bright Paraphrase  
On other Blessings, finer of the Cha's :  
When he who never sleeps, lightned mine eyes,  
Bad me to life from death-like sleep arise :

B

Whe-



Whether some subtil Beam my clouded sense  
 Pierc'd, or Lights secret quickning influence ;  
 I knew 'twas day, left Sleep and Bed, which have  
 Such lively Pictures of sad Death and Grave :  
 And having lift to him my Heart and Voice,  
 Who makes each Morn's out-going to rejoice ;  
 I and my Friend pursu'd our wont delights,  
 With new fresh Air to recreate our Sp'rits ;  
 Our Walk a River bounded on one side, ( glide  
 Whose Chrystal Streams with lulling Murmurs  
 By goodly florid Banks : On th' other hand  
 An Ancient Venerable Grove did stand ;  
 A Grove, which Nature strove to beautifie  
 With much and wonderful Variety :  
 Tho well-bough'd Trees gave a refreshing Shade,  
 Yet *Phæbus* gentle Beams of Flowers made,  
 Of Herbs and Fruits such stores as might content  
 The exigence of Use and Ornament :  
 O rural, sweetest pleasures ! here a mind  
 Abstract from Earth, lost Paradise might find,  
 Enjoying Paradise's chiefeft Grace,  
 Whilst she contemplates God in Natures Face :  
 The Birds among the Branches Anthems chant  
 To his great VVifdoms Excellence, which can't  
 Forget to teach, how they all Art may shame,  
 In building Houses of exactest frame ;  
 Higher and lower as by Propheſie : ( be,  
 VVhat would th' approaching Summers temper  
 To nurse their dear young in, till they them  
 To trust in open Heaven to their VVing. ( bring,  
Here

Here poor young *Ravens* by unnatural  
Parents expos'd; gaping to Heaven call,  
VVhich hears their piteous Importunities,  
And answers their dumb Pray'rs with quick  
(supplies;

Filling their mouths with Flies, or fertile Dews,  
Or somewhat else: But whatsoe're we chuse,  
Of Divine Goodness here's a pregnant sense,  
And signal wonder of its Providence:

This all the neighbouring fields and vallies round,  
In ecchoing responses still resound:

All Cattel using Morn, Noon, Evening-tide,  
One Common-Prayer to him that doth provide  
Their food in season, rewards liberally -

Their Nat'ral Religions Liturgy:

Immence Intelligence! which bruits doft guide,  
By rules above all Philosophick Pride:

Men call them natural instincts, imprest  
On their wild Fancies, leading to the best  
Preservatives of their dear natures good,

As if by reasons conduct understood. (Love,

How would the new-hatch'd Duck by innate  
VVithout example, to the Puddles move?

The untaught Cockatrice into the ground  
An entry strive to make where none was found?

VVhilst gen'rous Eagles from a like delight,  
Attempt with unfletcht wings, a nobler flight:

What other dictates prompt young Hares, or Deer,  
Ne'r yet made game, to flee with swift-foot, fear

The little Hound, who graze, yet never quake,  
 By fierce-lookt Bulls of a tremendous make.  
 Nor do the meanest Vegetables want  
 Their part in this; good God's on every Plant;  
 Each shows a signature unto the eye;  
 A fair plain impress of Divinity;  
 Which no malicious hand can ere deface,  
 But ruining the creatures native Grace:  
 No more than that fam'd \* *Artizan's* great name,  
 To whom *Minerva's* Target ow'd its Frame,  
 Would to be raz'd by time, or envy, yield,  
 Without the joint-defacing of the Shield:  
 Their cunning make contriv'd so curiously,  
 Of parts a useful multiplicity;  
 Their due observance of set-times for growth,  
 Some with more speed, and some with greater  
 (stoth,

That strange variety which may be found,  
 In one good natur'd little plot of Ground;  
 Their charming beauties, Perfumes natural,  
 And active Virtues most Medicinal:  
 Their occult sympathetick Qualities,  
 With their eternal strange Antipathies:  
 All which we here contemplate, sober sense,  
 In force to own, to proclaim Providence:  
 But, vanity of men! we disbelieve  
 What's far remote, with disregard receive  
 What's nigh, as if who nearest Temples lye,  
 Were re'lly farthest from the Deity.

\* *Phidias.*

Plant

Plant Animal, within our walk ne're moves,  
 Nor can we speak of the *Palmetto's* loves:  
 But here you'll see Lillies on every hand,  
 Cloath'd all with Virgin-white in orders stand;  
 Which tho themselves do neither toil nor spin,  
 Yet far outgallant *Israel's* pompous King;  
 Yes, in the most serene and brightest day  
 Of his most flourishing and glorious *May*.  
 So that thy Faith, Reason, and Sense shall yield  
 A God to cloath the Lillies of the Field.  
 Nor is young *Eglantine* here without sense  
 Of his sweet, kind, benign Influence;  
 Which through its uncleft vail steals safely home,  
 VVith virile heat into its Virgin-womb;  
 When round it first a spinie fence he forms,  
 To shroud its tender tirements from the storms;  
 Replete with Heavens Dews, it spreads, and swells,  
 Grows fair, full-cheek'd, yet by its blushes tells,  
 And tacitely confesses, that it knows,  
 'Tis not to be compar'd with *Sharon's* Rose.  
 Thus by these senseless beauties excellence,  
 VVe gueſs at Beauties Flowers quintessence.  
 No wonder was a Garden first design'd  
 For mans most noble contemplating mind;  
 The Scene of the First *Adam's* Happiness,  
 And of the Second *Adam's* great \* Converse:  
 Yet here our Veneration's much at odds,  
 VVith what *Egyptians* paid their noble Gods:

\* Garden of Gethsemanes.

Their Gardens are their Temples, whence arise  
 Thick sets of *Leek*, and *Onion* Deities.  
 Sordid Religion! true, we can't neglect,  
 To visit our fair Grove with much respect;  
 A School of natural Theology,  
 Each Plant a Preacher of the Deity:  
 But to adore the work for Love or Fear,  
 Is to affront the Maker, not indear.  
 Yet I remind, I said, on t'other hand,  
 An Ancient Venerable Grove did stand;  
 Yes, Venerable for the Companies  
 Of sacred Creatures, dazling Mortal eyes:  
 Whether they were of real Flesh refin'd,  
 Or else in any shapes were all pure mind,  
 I can't resolve; but where they trod, that ground,  
 Methinks, commands a Reverence profound;  
 'Twas here we heard a voice, as we pass'd by,  
 Which quickly mov'd our swift cur'osity:  
 We search'd, and looking round, my friend es-  
 py'd,  
 Under a Beech whose Boughs were thick and  
 wide,  
 Two Nymphs; whose form and Visage did be-  
 Something in them extraord'nary great, (speak  
 But Dress and Gestures; some that sought relief,  
 Under a long and sore afflicting grief:  
 Alas! said he, two Angels from on high,  
 Come to Condole Caitiff Mans misery.

read \*  
 Liry:





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OF  
G O D  
IN THE  
CREATURE.

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PART II.

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**B**UT as some Rivers in the salt sea drown'd,  
Are undebauch'd, with native sweetness  
So these blest minds untainted piety, (found.  
Amidst a flood of vicious misery :  
From dunghil fumes there's no defilement done  
To these imbodied beams of the Suns Son :  
No, tho we see them fall on such base ground,  
Yet pure with strong reflection they rebound :  
They 'midst their tears prelude in sweet accents,  
Their morning Song to the Omnipotent's

Great

God in the Creature.

9

Great Glory, VVifdom, Pow'r, and rich Goodness,  
Display'd in wonders through the Universe.  
Tune up<sup>\* read</sup> (our Spirits) your Holy Harmonies, (our spirits)  
And let your full-fletch'd praises mount the Skies:  
Bless your Almighty Parent's sacred name,  
To whom you owe this your immortal Frame,  
Eternal King! thy Royal Excellence  
Transcends the world's whole vast circumference;  
It's Scepter rules the Heavens in its Hand,  
It holds the pond'rous Globe of Sea and Land,  
Filling beyond the *Empyreum* high,  
The boundless deserts of Immensity.  
Glory and Beauty ever thee Infold,  
As some incorruptible Cloath of Gold.  
The Sun and Moon, great Luminaries, given  
To Beautify the outward Courts of Heaven;  
VVith all the Stars bespangling blackfac'd night,  
Are brightish shades of thy primeval light,  
No more to that, than what dark nights permit,  
In putrid Sticks to play the Hypocrite;  
Or in Glow-worms; can come in splendor near  
A Summer Solstice highest in its Sphere.  
VVith this thy Royal Palace flows alone, (Throne.  
VVith this thou cloathest thy blest self and  
O! strong ey'd Eagles dare not it behold,  
Twould blind the Cherubim, were they too bold  
Unvail'd to gaze on, tho in proper place,  
The brightness of the Beatifick Face.  
VVhat tongues of men, or Angels, can express  
Thy Kingdom's unconceived Gloriousness;  
Tho

Tho shadow'd out, and glim'ringly descri'd  
 By Heaven's most magnificent outside !  
 It's Glorious Host, all with great Letters Write  
 God in their Frontispiece by their own Light,  
 Their Light shows his, which never knew to rise,  
 Wax, Wane, Eclipse, and never setting dies ;  
 Their Order his, each motion of them tend  
 To that, which none but he that made can mend ,  
 Nor Solve the least *P'henomena* of it  
 By their Romantick Whirli-pools of Wit.  
 He Rules them all with Law, which by consent  
 Unanimous they all Obey, content  
 To move on their own Centers, as they were  
 First bad, like Fishes in a Sea of Air :  
 By no informing Life of Reason, Sense,  
 Nor outward assisting Intelligence.  
 Old Sages dreams, except that mind profound,  
 Which every where, and no where can be found,  
 Piercing unseen all things, which we may call  
 The only truly Universal Soul.  
 This first these mighty Machins did display,  
 Keeps still in well-tun'd motion, since that day,  
 No clash, no jar ; who this Contemplates, hears  
 The *Pythagorean* Musick of the Spheres.  
 Which speaks (great God of Peace) the Harmony  
 Of thy most Wise Celestial Hierarchy ;  
 And of thy Universal Monarchy. (strength,  
 Their vig'rous Vertues shew their Makers  
 Which knows no height, or depth, no breadth or  
 (length.  
 How

How cheerful goes the Sun? Like some Bridegroom  
 Advancing forth of his attiring Room,  
 Adorn'd with Gold, and Gemms on every side,  
 Burning to meet the Lovely floathful Bride,  
 Whom Bedded, Moon and Stars by his lent light  
 Revel, and Dance out the Ensuing night.  
 Nor knows their Cheer decay; but each days Sun  
 Doth like a Wine-refreshed Giant run;  
 His Race no stop, his Labour loves no Rest,  
 That all may with his Life-full Heat be Blest.  
 From their Harmonious Courses time begun,  
 And seasons with their various Tempers sprung;  
 Day into Night, Spring into Autumn dyes,  
 With these; and after dead, with these arise:  
 Besides their common Influence, and light,  
 The Stars in Martial Mode his Battels Fight,  
 Who calls them all to Muster by their Names,  
 And of their force a dread Militia Frames;  
 Witness thou Ancient River Fam'd *Kisbon*,  
 Thou *Gibeon*, and thou Vale of *Aijalon*.  
 They March in Order at his bare Command,  
 And at his word 'midst their Carreers they stand.  
 Beneath these Glorious Globes; next thou spread'st  
 (What a rare Orb of Immixt Fire about, (out  
 Or in the Ample hollow of the Moon,  
 Which Astronomick Hawks would spy out soon,  
 Were not its Nature so Refin'dly good,  
 Not to be seen, felt, heard, or understood? (reign  
 No; Thou (great Wisdom) which o're all dost  
 Created'st nought in Natures Frame in vain).

The



The Liquid Heaven of Expanded Air,  
 A spacious Tent Magnificently Fair;  
 Three noble Stories compassing Earth's Globe,  
 Stupendious Frame roof'd with a Starry Robe.  
 The low'rmost Room, where Winged Creatures  
 Hath hanging Waters for its Canopy, (Fly,  
 In which the Architect hath lay'd the Floor,  
 And Beams of his Etherial Chambers o're:  
 Wond'rous Geometry! these without fear  
 On Waters Lean, Waters on Fleeting Air. (Kings  
 There March the Clouds, which the great King of  
 Rules as his Chariots, Wheel'd with swift Winds  
 (wings,  
 On which he Rides Triumphant, when Descends  
 To work his Judgments, and his Mercies ends;  
 Hence roar (dread Might) thy great Artillery,  
 When thou speak'st Thunder from the Flaming  
 (Sky:

Tho mostly conduits, thorow which thy hands  
 Make glad with Streams of Fatness, Thirsty Lands,  
 O! the unseen, Divinest Majesty,  
 Vouchsaf'd in Shining Clouds to Humane Eye!  
 Like Doves, and Eagles, with their outspread wing,  
 They hover, light, and Glorious Angels bring,  
 Courtiers of Heaven, to represent the mind  
 Profound, which no quick *Lynceus's* Eye can find;  
 Who by his Ministers thus oft appears,  
 Sometimes in Flames, sometimes white subtil Airs  
 As Stars, Fire Air, by motion do his will,  
 So heavy Earth obeys by standing still:

Lo,

*God in the Creature.*

13

Lo, how it stands on it self firmly bas't  
The World's fix'd center, by deep wisdom plac't,  
That poiz'd with its own weight 'midst fluid Air  
Can fall no way (O hand which plac'd it there!)  
Unless quite cross to Nature it should soon  
Fall upwards; Mountains tumbling to the Moon.  
O thou, whose Throne's above the lofty Skies,  
In Glory unapproacht by mortal Eyes!  
If we descend beneath the silent Cells  
Of all the Dead, thy boundless Self there dwells.  
We find thee in vast Treasures without end,  
Which nought but Avarice can comprehend.  
Art thou not in the Mother Waters deep?  
Near to the Region's confines, where no sleep  
Allays the restless pains of Damned Souls  
In blackest darkness, who with horrid Howls  
Ring doleful Knells to their Eternal Death,  
Which ever Lives, whose pangs are still in birth:  
Or could we with the mornings wings take flight  
To th' utmost Sea, swift as a Dart of Light,  
Thy right Hand in a thought us apprehends;  
Which far beyond all tracts of Sea extends. (Globe  
'Twas thy out-stretched Arm, which cloath'd the  
Of Earth with Sea, first as a water'd Robe,  
Then a wav'd belt, wonder of wisdom made  
For maintenance of Universal Trade  
Betwixt all Lands: with Law it Ebbs and Flows,  
Which all Eyes see; how, no grand Sophy knows:  
It's Tow'ring Floods at thy rebuke are lay'd,  
And fly, at thy loud Thunder's Voice afraid.

As

As in just *Noah's* days, when for mens sins,  
 To Clouds, dens'd Air, Sea, Treasure-house of  
 Thy fury let an uncontrouled way (Springs,  
 To make the Universe one Shoreless Sea :  
 Waves 'bove the tops of Hills lift their proud head,  
 At thy Command, at thy Command they fled ;  
 Aw'd all by thy rebuke's Majestick Grace,  
 With haste away to their appointed place ;  
 And tho they now like Mountains rise, again  
 Fall down, like Vallies to a spacious Plain :  
 Their bounds are fixt by thine Almighty hand,  
 Which rein's their rage with nought but cords of  
 (Sand,  
 That they shall ne're return to drown the Land,  
 Through spongy bottoms they occultly creep  
 Into the Mother VVaters silent deep, (some  
 Great Treasure-House, still teeming VVomb of  
 Clear, pleasant Fountains ; whence sweet waters  
 (come  
 Through strange Meanders percolated from  
 The Native saltness of the Oceans VVomb ;  
 Or who knows in what Stills from Brine Refin'd,  
 VVhich as the \* liveless head resides behind.  
 Those condens'd vapours in close Caverns Love  
 Much to Augment ; so showers from above,  
 VVhich VVinter Springs exalt to haughty looks,  
 And Rapid Torrents send from little Brooks.  
 Some keep the tinctures, gusts, and qualities  
 Of Metal Veins, through which they run and rise ;

\* *Caput Mortuum*, or dead head with Chymists.

Well-Springs of Health, O most medicinal  
(Prepar'd by Chymick Nature) mineral !  
Here others meet with subterraneous Flames,  
Calcing kilns, hot Sp'rits, which know no names,  
Whose anger'd heat with the frigidity,  
Connate to Water, fights, gains Victory  
With its exasper'd force ; when won the day,  
VVith fumes, and boiling rage they make their  
(way

To bath rackt Mortal's limbs, whose welcome ease  
Extoll's with an eternal Song their praise.

But what e're deep-reacht Engineer hath found  
Thy water-pipes (prime Nature) under ground ?  
Thou, that canst to the low-plac'd \*Dairy say,  
Send up sweet Liquors through the Milky-way ;  
Flow up white Rivulets, nor stay with rest  
Your course, till you distend the Mothers Breast ;  
Or to the Read-Sea boiling in mans heart,  
Send constant streams to the superior part :  
Thou know'st by what protrusion these ascend  
Through winding Veins to Hills from whence  
(they bend  
Their course ; with deaf'ning Cataracts, like loud  
Shot-Thunder roaring from a thick-wall'd Cloud :

\* By low plac'd Dairy, is meant *Concepraculum Pecqueshanum*  
the common receptacle placed at the Root of the Mecertery,  
upon the Vertebrae of the Loins, into which the Kile reduc'd to  
a Milky substance is conveyed, and from whence a considerable  
part thereof ascends through wonderful Lactiducts, or a Milky way  
into the Mothers Breast. See *Carolsons Oiceno-animal. Exercis.*  
the 3d. *Barsholin's Anato.*

read +  
Lactiducts

Others

Others with pleasing murmurs, till they fall  
 Into the greedy Ocean, which drinks all,  
 More than ten thousand Rivers, drinks them up,  
 Still fills, yet never overflows its Cup.

No, thou dost all (great Ruler of the Seas)

VVith circulating kindness save and please,

The Sea lends to be pay'd, the Fountains send

Due payment back of that the Sea doth lend :

VVhat man, and beast deduct, the Clouds again

VVith Int'rest pay, in frequent Floods of Rain ;

These swell the Rivers running 'mong the Hills,

VVhereof the Field's whole Herd of Cattel fills

VVith grateful drink, their panting summer's lust,

And the wild Asses quench their Flaming Thirst :

At their descent the subject vallies ring,

VVith interchange of Eccho's, Laugh, and Sing ;

Whil'st Feather'd Choristers make melody

In consort with the purling Harmony, (then raise

From their brancht banks, in Quires, which they

To warble out their thankful strains of praise :

When swallows from old hollow Oaks awake,

And near thy Altars (Lord) their stations take :

When from the Baltick, Birds bring back the

(Spring

With swift-flight joy in their triumphing wing.

Nothing in Nature God-less can be found,

But in, through, over all God's going round.

The lofty Hills, which deprest Vallies fill

VVith streams, but on themselves can none distill;



His wisdom's goodness waters from above, (love  
 VVith Nectar draughts, which by his bounteous  
 Sent from his clouded Chambers with fair crops  
 Of Grass, Herts, Corn, enrich their arid tops :  
 These thankful soils exhale towards the Skies  
 In fumes, as morn and evening Sacrifice ; (chuse,  
 VVhich when the pow'r of Clouds vouchsafes to  
 As sacred Incense gives them back in dews  
 In token of acceptance, with access,  
 As of new duty, so new happiness.  
 Hence fruitful snows descend on gentle wing,  
 As if they would to Earth from Heaven bring  
 The Milkey-way : Fair *Ermins* blush to view  
 The lucid whiteness of their spotless hiew :  
 These with thy Frosts (great God of seasons) make  
 A winter-mantle, when thick-furr'd Bears do shake  
 In their close Dens, to arm the Earth from fear  
 Of Hostile Inrodes from a ridgid air :  
 Whil'st they shut up her Spirits Vegetive,  
 Restore, and keep her Vital Flames alive.  
 How cruel kind is Cold ? Vain Clowns complain  
 Of what they have, and what not, with again.  
 They sweetly melt with willing Violence,  
 When by the fixed Laws of Providence  
 The Golden Chariot of the cheerful Sun  
 Doth through the fair spring-gate begin to run,  
 And briskly drives with a victorious grace,  
 Like some great Prince towards his Summers race.  
 The Earth unbosomes to receive his kind  
 Heart-piercing Beams, which a like welcome find,

As in a long-betrothed Virgins Arms,  
 Her wished Lover's most indearing Charms.  
 Now all the Spirits, which long dormant lay,  
 Towards her Surface nimbly take their way;  
 Both to congratulate his blest Advent,  
 And to renew their Amor's sweet content.  
 Her Divers-colour'd *Easter-Cloaths* appear,  
 Which in her Breast were Chested half the year;  
 And buried Grain, whil'st with new Life they  
 A Resurrection in Effigie show. (grow,  
 What youthful limbs appear on aged Stocks,  
 And on old storm-proof heads fresh curled Locks:  
 Fields, Gardens, Grottoes, Groves in every part  
 Exceed by far all Luxuries of Art,  
 And much more splendid braveries display,  
 Than walks about Kings Courts on a *May-day*.  
 O Immense Good! what corner's destitute  
 Of thy stupendious works abundant Fruit?  
 Before hard Winter drains out Summers store,  
 Thy Royal Bounty timely flows in more  
 Plenty of springing Grass for Cattels wealth,  
 And ev'ry Plant for Mans Grace, Hunger, Health.  
 No sad complaints are heard, no mournful tones  
 In Streets from pining folk; no hollow groans  
 From empty Bowels of clean Granaries  
 Prevent the shouts of a new Harvest's cries;  
 But he that Crowns the year doth still Adorn  
 Each Loaf-mess with the Blessings of New Corn:  
 Nor have Men Bread alone (tho they't despise,  
 And rather Feast on Nature's spoils, their Eyes)  
 Their

Their Hearts chief strength, which best recruits  
Of Fuel to the Fire, that burns within ; (can bring  
Left wanting of due Oyl, still fresh supplies,  
The Lamp of Life sinks down, goes out, and dies.  
No, their good God provides them lib' rally,  
As well for pleasure, as necessity.

The Fat of *Olives* makes their Face to shine,  
Supples their Joynts ; whil'ft the most fruitful  
Vine

Cheers up their Hearts with gen'rous *Racie-*  
Wine.

This Charms the Fiend of the great *Benjamite*,  
Puts all Black Mists, and empty Clouds to flight,  
And makes the mind a Heaven full of Light ;  
Lifts up the Dunghill Beggar from a Stone,  
To make him sit with Princes on a Throne ;  
And tho dejected to the Gates of Death,  
To Rival Angels in refined Mirth.

But ah ! how Mortals change their Festivals  
Into licentious bruitish *Bacchinals* ;  
Transform their noble selves to sordid Swine ;  
By sparkling Bowls of high *Falernian* Wine :  
Rivers of Fire their divine spark oppress,  
And Drown, and Burn the little Universe ;  
Ambitious of the greater's ruines names  
At once to perish, both by Flood and Flames.  
Thus greatest goods prove greatest hurts ; the first  
For excellence, are in corruption worst :  
Sin into Nature the old Chaos brings,  
And quite untunes the Harmony of things.

'Twas only after its unhappy Birth, (Death,  
 That Trees of Life brought forth such Fruits of  
*Olives* and *Vine* ; which show the prosp'rous state  
 Of the good man with his most happy fate :  
 His dearest spouse is like the Bearing *Vine*,  
 Whose tender arms round its supporters twine  
 With chaste Embraces, till from mutual Love  
 A noble Progeny begins to move (head  
 Of well Gemm'd Boughs, and with their clustred  
 To deck the Tiles, at length to overspread (sight,  
 The Mansions Walls. Blest man ! which hath her  
 Comprising such rare Profit and delight.  
 His graceful sons appear as in the *East*,  
 Where Men for Pleasure in cool Arbours Feast ;  
 Those *Olive*-Branches, which are Planted round  
 Their Summer Tables on a Florid ground.  
 So all thy Trees (good Lord) declare the same  
 Great Honour of thy Celebrated Name.  
 Thy Name, which all were Graven on their barks,  
 And if we look within, they all are Arks  
 Carrying a wonder-working God : without  
 All art of man, repleat with sap they sprout,  
 They spread, and Flourish, till they grow so high  
 To threaten with their tops the starry sky.  
 What *Cedars* Crown (proud *Lebanus*) thy Land,  
 So Planted there, dread Lord, by thy Right Hand,  
 That from less than a shrub a num'rous race  
 Of sweet-wood Turrets should adorn one place :  
 Nor are they all for Palaces, and thine  
 Own sacred Temples Majesty Divine ;

But

But for less than half-farthing Birds to nest  
Themselves, taught by thy Wisdom where is best  
For their dear safety from ill Vermin's hurt;  
So is the Fir the Stork's exalted fort.

The Wild Goats save themselves by speedy flight  
To craggy Mountains, from the Hunters sight:  
As tim'rous Conies by good Providence  
Find clifted Rocks for Houses of defence.

Thus, all, whom no projecting reason arms,  
Well Bulwark'd Nature guards, and saves from  
Nor are apt times forgot for getting Food, (harms,  
The Hunter sleeps, they seek their Livelihood.

For as the pale Moon by her various Reign  
Of seasons constitutes a constant Train, (place,  
Months, Feasts, so knows the Sun both time and  
When, where to rise; when, where to hide his Face;  
From *East* he rides still o're the *Western* Seas

To give good Morrow to th' Antipodees,  
Deputing Moon and Stars by his lent Light,  
To give the upper Hemisphere good Night.

The shades fall greater from the tops of Hills,  
And simpak of Cottages the Country fills,  
Whose painful Swains refresh'd with honest meat  
That day acquired by their foreheads sweat,  
On strawy Pillows lye more truly blest

VVith *Jacob's* Visions, and sweet-dreaming rest,  
Than mighty Kings, who lay their busie heads  
In *Tyrian* Curtains on rich Downy Beds. (Night  
And now's the time, when one black fleece of  
Sometimes but strip't with strakes of twinkling

Light,

C 3

To



To humane Eyes solicites grateful sleep,  
 And draws the Woods inhabitants to creep  
 Out from their secret places to appease  
 Their hunger's spurs, impatient of delays ;  
 The Royal Lions Whelps roar on their way,  
 And seek of thee (great God of might) their prey,  
 As Infants with strong importunities  
 Implore their Mothers tender Ears, and Eyes :  
 Their robust Nerves their swift pursuit prevent,  
 And fiery temper their sagacious Sent ;  
 But oh ! wise Providence ! how that supplies,  
 What their own natures exigence denies !  
 Are not observant *Jackales* still at hand  
 To Hunt what their fierce Appetites demand ?  
 Nor dares the Prey when found, these Princes fly,  
 They Thunder-strike it dead with fear to die ;  
 Whose stomachs satisf'd, still some remains  
 Reward their Sedulous Purveyor's pains.  
 Thus all night long they Triumph in the Field ;  
 And Civil States to Savage Licence yield :  
 But when the Morning's Herauld with a cry  
 Proclaims, fair *Phosphorus* approacheth nigh  
 To Usher in the Sun, which now draws near  
 To guild the Suburbs of the Hemisphere ;  
 They haste away to hide their fearful heads,  
 And lay them down together in their Beds.  
 The shades all vanish at *Aurora's* blush ;  
 And thankful Birds break off the profound hush  
 Of silent darkness, as they then begin  
 Their Morning Song to the Celestial King.

Man with new Vigour goes forth to his work,  
 VVhil't the disturbers of his quiet lurk  
 In sleeping Dens, until the Evening Star  
 Proclaims cessation to his toil ; so far,  
 No farther, is thy foreheads sweat decreed,  
 Let welcome rest, and kind sweet-sleep succeed,  
 Renew exhausted Sp'rits: thus day and night  
 To man and beast by turns bring fresh delight.  
 O Lord! how manifold are thy great acts?  
 VVhat wisdom shines in all thy noble facts?  
 Thy matchless Riches in vast pomp possess  
 The utmost Limits of Earth's Universe:  
 So of thy restless Sea, whose spacious hands  
 VVith wide Embraces circle all the Lands;  
 There Various Kinds of swimming Creatures Live,  
 Both great and small, which mighty wonders give  
 Of something more Unfathom'd than that deep,  
 VVhere some move swift, some with slow motion  
 (creep,  
 There dwells that proud *Leviathan*, which plays  
 VVith Fishes, Ships, Sands, Rocks, with winds, and  
 Sporting all other Empire to Disdain (Seas;  
 But thine, and mans, as Subject to thy Reign,  
 VVho mad'st both it to Triumph over them,  
 And man Vice-roy to Lord it over him;  
 In wooden Castles wing'd with suited winds  
 Out of thy Treasures, how he flies, and finds  
 A passage to all Lands through Seas: No rest,  
 Till he returns fraught with the *East* and *West*.

When thou (good God!) command'st the Storm to  
 On swelling Floods he mounts up to the Skies (rise  
 Then (with what grisly horror, who can tell)  
 Descends down quick into the Jaws of Hell,  
 He reels, and staggers like one drunk, now tost  
 From post to stem, then back from stem to post;  
 No observation of glad Sun, or Stars, (VVars;  
 Nor hears he ought, but winds, and waves in  
 Except contending thunder to out-vie  
 The Dog-mad rage of their tempestuous cry.  
 VVhat shall he do, distressed Soul? Because  
 His melting Heart like breaking waters flows?  
 He cries to God, who lays the storm to sleep,  
 And bids that Mountain Seas do humbly creep.  
 The Heaven is Unmant'led, looks serene,  
 And joyful head-lands come in ken again;  
 So from Deaths Gulf he in triumphing sort,  
 VVith Flags Display'd spins in the wished Port.  
 O that they would, dread God! thy wonders teach,  
 And through the world thy Immense goodness  
 To man to man, whose nature seems to vye (preach  
 VVith Glorious Angels for Nobility,  
 His High-Born Soul from \*Unborn God descent  
 (O his delight, and sweetest Ornament!)  
 Disdains the pettish frowns of Austere Fate,  
 And overlooks in Triumph Mortal State;  
 Soar's far above the Fun'ral pile on high  
 With Eagles wings up to Eternity  
 To live when Nature, and when Death shall die. }

\*read  
 Grand sir

Nor did her house eclipse the happiness,  
And Grandeur of its honourable Guests:  
Its form spoke at first sight it did inshrine  
Something at least by Parentage divine;  
Above the force of a material vein,  
Unapt but for a gross ignoble strain;  
Whilst other creatures look'd towards the ground,  
Man only with an upright face was found:  
VWhich his great Maker will'd to lift intent  
Up to the Stars, the place of his descent,  
By a fifth Muscle; which in none we find,  
But in mans eye, for upward looks design'd.  
But how that fair Soul in the Mire now lies,  
VWhich clogs her Eagle-wings, and soils her eyes  
With noisome steams that like an earth-bred  
Sadly degenerates, tho not in whole; (mole,  
She badly mounts, much less sustains the sight,  
Without regret of any thing that's bright:  
How is the mighty fallen (Noble Soul !)  
Not by a fortun'd, but a chosen fall;  
First from thy being's fundamental Law,  
A Transcript of th'Eternal, without Flaw;  
Then from the Stars down to the lowest rate  
Of brutish life with thy corporeal Mate;  
Chang'd from a Temple to a noisome Sty  
Of languid sloth, and vile impurity:  
The Divine Image lies intomb'd within  
A living Carcass, walking Grave of Sin:  
Reason dethrones its self; Sense without fear  
Usurps the Throne; wild Passions domineer;  
The

The Will yields freely her Imperial right  
 To the tyrannic Lusts of Appetite :  
 O Chaos of Confusion ! whence such Pride ?  
 Do Masters lacquey, whilst their servants ride ?  
 And Kings make up their subjects humble Train  
 Of captive Vassals to confirm their Reign ?  
 Awake the Earth's great Monarch ! will he have  
 Ought but the Title of a Royal Slave ?  
 Let him be King of, and in Man , to none  
 Subject, but his great Lords Eternal Throne,  
 Of whom he holds his Diadem in Fee ;  
 By whom Kings reign, and Princes do decree :  
 Knock off his Chains, let him to purpose know,  
 Himself the rightful Lord of all below ;  
 So shall the people of the Air, Sea, Field,  
 Pay humble Homage, and due Tribute yied :  
 For hold they not of thee their breath and lives,  
 From whom mans Throne its Origine derives ?  
 Their eyes wait all on thee ; thy copious hand  
 Fills all their mouths with good by sea and land :  
 Thou giv'st them meat in season, they rejoice  
 To gather it ; when thou conceal'st thy voice  
 They mourn in silence ; when thou hid'st thy  
     Face,  
 Their beauty falls, and all their goodly Grace :  
 When thou withdraw'st thy breath, their spirits  
 And they resolved into ashes, dye.      (flye,  
 And should thy Pow'r one moment but suspend  
 Its act, whole Nature makes a sudden end :

Heaven



Heaven and distant Earth would soon come near ;  
 Each Star drop down from its transparent sphere ;  
 The Moon would cease to yield her various light,  
 And Sun himself be darkned into night ;  
 The Fire for want of heat, would chill to death ;  
 The Air breathe out its last in one groans breath ;  
 Mountains would skip away like frightened Rams ;  
 And all the little Hills like fearful Lambs ;  
 VVater and Earth would be again commixt,  
 As when no order was in Nature fixt ;  
 The Elements confus'd in one rude Mass ;  
 Yes, all would swift into prime Nothing pass :  
 Nor were it hard that then thou should'st renew  
 This ruin'd Theatre to publick view ; ( stage,  
 VVhose Word could in a thought bring on the  
 The peaceful worlds most happy Golden Age :  
 Thy Majesty in all thy works renown'd,  
 Beyond all time, sends an amazing sound ;  
 How when he frowns, the earth distracted shakes,  
 As with a strong Convulsion groans and quakes,  
 And rends with grief at what his fury can  
 To unrelenting Rocky-hearted man :  
 The smitten Mountains smoak, belch out and  
 As if they would all into embers turn : ( burn,  
 But what art thou, fierce *Ætna* ! which dost  
 VVith flaming Rivers, the *Cicilian* Seas, ( raise,  
 To them, which the consuming fire did rain  
 On *Sodom's* and *Gomorrhah's* sinful Plain ?  
 And they but puny sparks to that great lake  
 Of Flames prepared for the damned's sake :

There

There burn, yet never burnt, the godless sp'rits,  
Of evil men and Angels, which the lights  
Of Nature, Grace, and Glory would despise,  
Beyond redress, with bold contemptuous eyes :  
But we, whilst being lasts, Immortal King,  
VVill thy great Names exalted Praises sing :  
VVe thy Delight, and thou our Joy shalt be,  
In us thy Glory, and our Bliss in thee.  
Glory to God the Father, Son, and Sp'rit,  
One boundless Fountain of Eternal Light :  
As ever 'twas before all time begun,  
So is, and ever shall, when time is done.

*The End of the Second Part.*

OF  
**G O D**  
 IN THE  
**CREATURE.**

PART III.

**T**Hus sung these Nymphs : but as the clearest  
 day,

Is not without some passing Clouds ; so may,  
 And often doth the most Celestial Mind,  
 This side the Moon, molesting passions find ;  
 Passions in bounds, moving to proper ends,  
 Commence not Rebels, but are Reasons Friends :  
 Friends to Devotion : what diviner proves,  
 Than holy raging , holy mourning loves ?

Such

Such mudleſs Floods fill'd, and all day oppreſt  
 The holy God-mans unpolluted breſt :  
~~Stoicks~~ are ſtocks, or elſe 'twixt them and Gods,  
 'Tis hard to find out any real odds :  
 No, They'r above by their grave Senate's voice ;  
 God's calm by Nature, they by gen'rous choice :  
 Egreſſious Pride ! vaunt men an Apathy,  
 Not found in Angels-Immortality !  
 They joy when we do well, then no doubt weep  
 To ſee us bur'd in Lethargick ſleep :  
 So theſe dear Twins from joy to ſorrow turn,  
 To think how Vice triumphs, and Vertues mourn.  
 Some whiles a profound ſilence occupieſ ( eyes.  
 Their lips and looks ; then tears flow from their

*P H I L A R E T E* ſpeaks.

At length *Philarete*, alas, our age,  
 Exil'd from *Converſe* to a Hermitage !  
 Good God ! why might not vertue ſometimes  
 An *Inter-Regnum* of thy Royal Care ; ( fear  
 Seeing her vanquiſht ſelf ſo trodden down,  
 And her proud Rival circl'd with a Crown ?

*T H E O P H O B E.*

To ſay the world in a blind Atom-dance,  
 Stumbled into its beauteous form by chance,  
 More Phrenzy ſpeaks, than that without a hand  
 Sweet *David's* Pſalter ſhould be writ in Sand :

Nor

Nor is it less to think, 'tis left to lye,  
Without its Makers over-ruling eye :  
Rich *Sheba's* Queen, without sight or report,  
Of the wise *Jew*, might see him in his Court :  
Such Beauty shows the Lord's Magnificence ;  
Its constancy his watchful Providence.  
When Nature in a Sea floats there and here,  
There needs some constant Pilot at the Steer.

P H I L A R E T E.

All this is plain ; but that a special eye  
Is fixt on men, dumbs all Philosophy :  
'Twould rather speak a Goddess, Fortune blind,  
To raise the base, depress the noble mind.

T H E O P H O B E.

Philosophy must grant, that active love,  
Which on the dark Abyss did gently move,  
To hatch the World, and now with tender wings,  
Kindly protects the Universe of things ;  
Leaves not their Lord, Compendium of them all,  
For making whom it did a Council call,  
Of the most wise Three-One ; a clear presage  
Of some dear Offspring in its own Image :  
This were to null the Laws of all wise Love,  
And make it like the cruel *Ostrich* prove ;  
Whose Iron Bowels leave her harmless Egg,  
To wait the crush of every chancing Leg ;

And



And yet indeed Philosophy can't sound (ground.  
 The depths of Providence, which know no  
 Much more exceeding shallow humane brain,  
 Than shells fall short of the unfathom'd Main :  
 Shall men explode a Being without end,  
 Because no finite can it comprehend ?  
 Question the Ocean too, you may as well,  
 Because you cannot hold it in a Shell :  
 Question a real Sun, you may as soon,  
 Because not to be lanthorn'd at high-noon.  
 This knew the ancient Hero's, and the more,  
 For adverse fate, did meekly this adore ;  
 Making their Reason, when they saw it fail,  
 In these great deeps to strike to Faith the sail :  
 By Fortunes looks 'twas never understood,  
 How to discern the vicious from the good :  
 For that bright Saint, the man of Gods own  
 Heart,  
 Had both of smiles, and of her frowns his part,

*P H I L A R E T E.*

Yet they complain'd their Faith fail'd to behold,  
 Vertue in rags, and Vice in vests of Gold :  
 Yes, famous fingers of the inspired Quire,  
 Not with a common but Seraphick Fire.

*T H E O P H O B E.*

whole

Their Faith recoil'd, yet trembling, till it  
Return'd like Magnet-neededles to the *Pole*:  
It shook, not fell, as by a strong surprize  
The Fort of Life and Spirit, swoons, not dies.  
Such conflicts (Sister) bring forth happy fruits,  
As well-set Trees by storms get firmer Roots:  
No Fight, no Palm, the Church Triumphant's  
Upon the Militant its Purple Ground; (found'd  
Nor would blest Vision bring such unthought joy,  
Had not Faith here been mixt with some alloy.

*P H I L A R E T E.*

But emulation frequently possesse,  
With envious Flames these holy Fathers Breast,  
To see with dropping eyes, the impious ride  
At Anchor in so high Pacifick tide ∴  
Of happiness, to sail when, where they please,  
With Winds at will, in smooth obedient Seas:  
No Sands, Rocks, Remora's the course impede,  
Where their desires them uncontrouled lead;  
Through right & wrong, devoid of fear and care,  
Displaying their proud Streamers through the air.  
No heavy bands, cry'd they, of griping pain,  
From hasty Fate their pleasant race restrain?

∴ *Pla.* 73. from verse 2. onward.

D

But

But life runs freely in one even thread,  
 As in the Weaver's smooth, unknotted Web,  
 Drawn by kind constant Fortune out at length,  
 To extream Age, crown'd with vivacious strength.  
 And when they must unbound'd by pangs or fear,  
 They fleet and vanish like a puff of air.  
 A death like to their life ; which free from stings  
 Of humming cares, which Vertue swarming brings  
 To her perplexed lovers, sweetly flows  
 In pleasure, which no Plagues, no sorrow knows.  
 The Clouds let fall more than their houses take ;  
 Nor could their minds just hopes or wishes make,  
 Equal to their envi'd Felicity,  
 Which drops uncar'd, uncall'd for from the Sky :  
 This swells their hearts with Insolence and Pride,  
 Blows up their breasts with airy thoughts so wide,  
 That self-adoring Zeal, rules and gives thence  
 The Reins to a Tyrannick Violence ;  
 Their big words terrifie the Minor sort,  
 Who throng in crouds at their great Names re-  
 Prone to adore a Glorious Rising Sun, ( port ;  
 Altho it burns as oft as shines upon. ( Stars,  
 Nor stay their Tongues on Earth, but threat the  
 From their proud *Babels*, with Gigantick Wars.  
 No silent Murmurs, but defiance loud,  
 Tush, the most High sits careless in a Cloud :  
 Doth God see this, and yet ( who all sin blames )  
 Abstain from Thunder, from vindictive flames !  
 These are the men that prosper, these are blest  
 With Riches, Honours, unmolested rest ;

Leaving

Leaving their Sons a great enobled Name,  
And landed Mansions called by the same :  
In vain do some, as living Temples, clean  
Their broken-hearts, in vain their hands contain  
In Innocence ; in vain, for Vertues sake, ( take ;  
Reproaches, Taunts, ( what not ? ) with Patience  
Whilst prosp'rous Vice is Virtue ; Fiends are made  
The only Saints in modish Masquerade !  
But I desist, lest seem to disapprove  
Their select Lot, whom hoped Glories move.

T H E O P H O B E.

Thus holy Men indeed might greatly slide,  
When they presum'd to measure things so wide,  
With their short Feet, and by *Vertigo* fall,  
Weighing their God in the uncertain Scale  
Of humane Brain, trusting to their own Wit,  
They might, benighted still in darkness sit :  
But when with groping tired, they recurr'd  
To go with a pure heart, and humble Word  
Into the Sacred Courts ; there by address  
To lively Oracles, the happiness  
Of Vertues Foes was seen, and crowning ends,  
Not to be greatly envi'd by her Friends ;  
The mighty Patience, whilst that long it spares  
The Grandeur of its Glory, thus declares ;  
And writes fair Lines for Mortals to transcribe,  
Which greedily ( ah grief ! ) Revenge imbibe :  
Should Heaven thus reward, we might think well,  
The Earth long since must needs be made a Hell ;

It spares, and offers Mercy ; who refuse,  
Are left without all shadow of excuse :  
And whom no gentle Flames of Love can turn,  
To melt, the all-consuming Fire will burn :  
Burn up those Rods with which the King of kings  
Doth use to scourge his Subjects for their sins :  
Lifted, like Eagles Cockles, up on high,  
O how they fall ! much, much more heavily  
From lofty Turrets down to dismal Cells,  
From fanci'd Heavens into real Hells ;  
Made fat, and deckt, as Beasts by Votaries  
Design'd, and kept till fit for Sacrifice ;  
Their peccant fulness turns to a disease,  
No poison's worse than that which loves to please :  
In pleasant Philtrums, or in Candid Pills ;  
First it delights, then toxicates and kills ;  
No plenty heals, but much dilates the sore ;  
As drinking, Feavers are inflam'd the more :  
Give, give, like barren Wombs, the Miser cries,  
New wants abound still with his New supplies :  
What tho their Gayeties may long look brisk,  
And whilst the Sun shines, kindly dance and frisk,  
As all Fanatick shews ; yet at the last (hast,  
The black Day comes, with speed, tho not with  
Vengeance falls on at once, nor brooks remands,  
Altho with leaden Feet, yet Iron Hands :  
When Divine Furies, thus in storm arise,  
Ill Treasure with its Lords, dispersed flies ;  
As Golden Images, which use to creep  
In to illude the sanguine Dreamers sleep,

Leave



Leave nought but melancholick thoughts behind,  
 To the awaken'd, vain, deceived mind :  
 But grant a life, ( which is too rare to see )  
 Were wholly spent in perfect Comedy ;  
 Yet what's all Time to Ever ? it appears  
 Less than a Moment to Ten Thousand Years :  
 For take each moment, Millions from the Score,  
 Still there remain Millions of Millions more :  
 Nor could all Requiems united, spell  
 The ingrate sounds of one eternal Knell, ( more,  
 Which pierce and grate not less, but much the  
 For too sweet *Sirens* Musick heard before.  
 Sometimes the darling proves a discontent  
 To her own Lover ; Crime is Punishment :  
 Alas ! 'tis seen when men grow mostly sage,  
 They curse, not worship, in their cooled Age  
 Those *Delilah's*, to which as Deities,  
 Their Youth would Life and Fortune Sacrifice :  
 Now anxious Breasts eccho in sighs and groans,  
 The mindful grating of their tortur'd bones ;  
 Nor is the calm-look'd sinner less oppress'd  
 With secret Furies, which will know no rest,  
 But intertwine their Scorpion Hairs with his  
 Most soft embraces of indeared bliss ;  
 His Minion Snake, which no wise voice can charm,  
 The very bosom stings which keeps it warm :  
 So that his Life, as to the inward Scheme,  
 Transcribes *Prometheus* Vulture for its Theme.  
 His looks, like *Ætna's*, may wear Snow without,  
 Yet Bowels burn with Flames which ne'r go out,

Till swallow'd up in greater, they unite,  
 With the black Fires of an eternal night,  
 Which imbred Scenes of Judgment represent,  
 Anticipating long the dire Event.

*P H I L A R E T E.*

A sorry bliss, which soon as pressed, must  
 Like *Sodom's* Apples, crumble into dust :  
 Sad sweets, which when into the belly fall,  
 Like Saint *John's* Book, are turned into Gall.  
 Who would not fly such dear Felicities,  
 Which surely end in endless Precipice ?

*T H E O P H O B E.*

But had true Vertue nothing to entice,  
 But her fair self ; yet that sweet Paradise  
 Alone might be sufficient to engage  
 In vestal-Flames a whole Platonick Age :  
 The great Kings Daughter, Brightness of his Face,  
 His reflex Image, and the first in place :  
 Of his dear Offsprings, deckt all o're with Gems,  
 Which outshine Stars, eclipse all Diadems  
 Which wealthy *Ophir* ever could supply,  
 Or force of seven Flames could purifie : (his  
 Blest man ! whose Spouse she is, what heart but  
 Can think the Raptures of their Nuptial Bliss ?  
 She's brought unto him most divinely drest,  
 By curious hands, in an embroider'd Vest :

Her

Her Virgin Cousins bear her Company;  
A band of Graces: Oh! what melody,  
What august Pomp, when to consummate all,  
They pass up to her Father's Royal Hall?  
But whilst this side, what's his blest Bosom less,  
Than a calm Heaven full of Happiness?  
At least an Angel standing Centinel,  
With charge to see that all may here go well.  
No turbid VVinds blow in this sedate Sky;  
But lest its Air inclines to putrifie,  
Then Thunder too, which tho with dread con-  
Or well dispels the pestilentious Fumes. (fumes,

*P H I L A R E T E.*

(Names;  
But few, alas! court Vertue for great  
Fair Pictures take not, but in tempting Frames;  
Were Man indeed a pure Intelligence,  
His Love might rest in naked Excellence:  
But whilst his Soul is clad with sluggish flesh,  
It must with counter-tending Sense commerce;  
She like the Hawk would soar; this as a weight  
T'd to her feet, impedes her native flight  
To speculate abstracted Purities,  
And beauty in Celestial Ivories; (and smile  
From whence she might with scorn look down  
On this poor Mole-hill, fordid Domicile;  
Where Men as Ants, creeping in dirt appear;  
Passing in toil, and death-like Sleep, the Year.

But where tends this ? Since Sainting is a trade,  
And Vertue dies, where sense sees no reward ?

*T H E O P H O B E.*

Man truly is well like a Diamond,  
Some parts of Earth, some taken from the Sun;  
By them too dull he sees not; these are bright  
Enough to show rewards in darkest night.

*P H I L A R E T E.*

The boundless Goodness said, he would adorn  
Vertue with Riches, and exalt her Horn  
VVith Honour, whilst all hostile Nations must  
Fall down vvith shame, submit, and lick her dust.

*T H E O P H O B E.*

The Immenſe Good is changeleſs Verity,  
Can ceaſe to be, ſoon as begin to lye : ( peach  
And were things duly vveigh'd, none could im-  
VVhat never fails, his Promiſe of a breach :  
I trovv, that ſuch performance might content,  
VVhich is in manner much more eminent ;  
If Goods of Fortune ſometimes do give place  
To the more rich enoblements of Grace ;  
'Tis mans ovvr folly thvvarts the preſent end,  
To vvhich true Vertue's paths directly tend ;

*God in the Creature.*

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To whom 'tis one both to command, and bless,  
Espousing duty to true Happiness.

*P H I L A R E T E.*

'Twas Man indeed brought in the spiny Weeds  
To Rosy Beds; with which himself now Bleeds.  
And yet 'tis hard, they should as much, on more,  
The Vertuous than the Vitious Prick and Gore.

*T H E O P H O B E.*

'Tis true, did they respect no unseen gain,  
Vertue above all others would be vain.  
But in wise methods lesser Goods must bend  
To serve the greater; all, the Sovereign end.  
I'm not so much a *Stoick*, as to chase  
All goods, call'd Fortunes Gifts, from Vertues Face;  
That were to strip her of Appertinents,  
Which greatly serve for use, and Ornaments.  
But where their absence starves out Moralills,  
And penal Evil with huge Int'rest fills  
Of vertue the good man, their want abounds,  
And steril soils prove the most fertile grounds.  
Depression shews the grace, of which is made  
For Vertues Lawrels a cool kindly shade,  
To thrive, and Flourish in, maugre all hate,  
Not to be Thunder-struck by frowning fate;  
Which smites with barrenness the high-look'd hills,  
Whil'st humble Vallies graceful plenty fills.

The



The world's great Architect about to raise  
 A living Temple, Trophie of his praise;  
 Lay's deep its prime Foundations; as we know,  
 The highest Towers must be bas'd low.

*P H I L A R E T E.*

Thou suck'st from Poisons, Cordials, (dearest  
 By a Diviner sort of Chymistry. (Bee)

*T H E O P H O B E.*

Where would appear Heroick Fortitude,  
 Did Vertue meet with no ungrateful feud,  
 In which the Enemy Augments its Bliss,  
 As't were by an Antiparistasis?

*P H I L A R E T E.*

This doth indeed, in bearing more consist,  
 Than in a bold attempting of the List  
 In Blood, Sweat, Dust, with fierce and hardy Foes,  
 A little Fading Bayes to win, or lose,

*T H E O P H O B E.*

And by Encounters still it grows more bright,  
 Its Armour by Attrition more Polite:  
 Whereas long peace contracts a sordid rust,  
 By lying out of Action in the dust.

Some-

Sometimes a light Attrition can't suffice,  
And then the seventh Flame it purifies,  
Till fit for those, whose courage gains the Praise  
Of Great *Jehovah's Argyraspides* :  
Invincible in that blest Kingdom's hope ; (cope.  
Which they prospect through faith's true Telef-  
This made the Noble Martyrs to defie  
Their fretting Tyrants baffled Cruelty ;  
Which as the spight of *Basilisks* back flies,  
Repell'd with Death into their Darting Eyes :  
Whilst with more Ardent Zéal & Love they pass  
In Raptures through the Burning Sea of Glais ;  
Preluding in sweet strains, as they march on,  
To sing Blest *Moses's* Victorious Song.

P H I L A R E T E .

The happy end (no doubt) known, makes a way  
Perplexed pleasant ; that without delay,  
The Pilgrim goes, in hopes his feet shall stand  
In season on the Milk and Honey Land.

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Afflicting Means are good ; tho ills of pains,  
If well improv'd to gen'rous honest gains.

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*T H E O P H O B E.*

Afflicting Means are good ; tho' ills of pains,  
If well improv'd to gen'rous honest gains.

## P H I L A R E T E.

Yes, *Socrates* could Reason Worthily  
 In Prison, of Supream Felicity:  
 And *Possidonius* under Rack run out  
 In *Panegyricks* on his grateful Gout;  
 Nay, and the *Stoicks* wise man would be full  
 Of Bliss, tho mew'd in *Phaleris's* Bull.

## P H E O P H O B E.

Such Apathies Christians adore, or mock,  
 Becoming well a Deity, or Stock.  
 Divine Philosophy in their belief  
 Forbids excess, not passion of their grief  
 When prest with evils: for it is the sense  
 Of them, which makes for vertues excellence.  
 The Royal Shepherd, much before the day  
 Of his Affliction, went himself astray,  
 Like a lost Sheep; till his great Shepherds Love  
 Did gently with correction drive, and move  
 Him to remind the Virid Pastures, where  
 He us'd to Feed in a benign Air  
 By Lympid Streams, where he might turn to lay  
 The Raging Ardors of a *Dog-Star* day.  
 Had *Joseph* not been into Prison cast,  
 He never had been in the Palace plac'd.  
 His Brethrens spight made theirs adore his Sheaf;  
 What they oppos'd, conduc'd to make him chief.

P H I.

P H I L A R E T E.

Thus much seems rough, till we in truth attend,  
(And then 'tis Beauteous) the well-tim'd end:  
Well-mixed White and Red do chiefly grace,  
But when misplac'd, ill-mixt, deform the face:  
And so events, which men can't throughly Rime,  
Are Beauteous in their plenitude of time.

T H E O P H O B E.

Beauty doth most consist in Symmetry,  
Some parts view'd singly may unlovely be;  
Yet corresponding with the whole, express  
A goodly Masterpiece of Comeliness:  
As Musick Notes, which will harmonious be,  
Consent in whole; yet simply disagree.  
And thus the rugged parts of Providence,  
Could men but view their general consents,  
How would their perfect Beauty, with what ease  
Convert dislikes to highest strains of praise.  
But this can't be (great Order!) till that they  
In the high Countreys of Eternal day  
Read all things in thy Beatifick Face,  
Which now in part they see, as in a Glass.  
Then shall they see that Wheel within a Wheel;  
And that great Spirit, whose mysterious skill  
With Wisdom, Courage, Care, and Eagles Wings,  
Begins, carr's on, perfects events of things:

That

That they may most Harmoniously consent  
 For Vertue's good, his Joy and Ornament.  
 That Plots, Shams, Counters, by a hand unseen,  
 As Clocks cross-motions may concenter in,  
 And work in order by a secret pow'r  
 To bring about the happy destin'd hour.

*P H I L A R E T E.*

Then Vertues pressures shall be less than light,  
 When Counterpois'd with Glories matchless  
 (weight.

*T H E O P H O B E.*

And whil'st a Pilgrim, look what pleasure brings  
 A various mixing good and evil things.  
 The Glory of a Picture still is made  
 By due Commixtures of the Light and Shade:  
 So Vertue's Father, by a frown a while,  
 Adds much indearing sweetness to his smile.  
 When too much freedom makes her to contemn,  
 Or less respects his Royal Diadem, (Crown'd  
 Nor would the Gems wherewith her self is  
 Be much esteem'd, were they as Pebbles found:  
 'Tis Rarity, and hardness to obtain,  
 Which raise their worth, and amplifie the gain.

P H I L A R E T E.

Experience tells, as Evils are best known  
By presents, so are Goods by absence shown.  
And tho full Stomacks Princely Tables slight,  
Yet Hunger whets the dullest appetite.

T H E O P H O B E.

When he, whose Lips are Fair beyond all men,  
Solicited his Spouse 'gen and agen:  
Stood at her door, till dews his head did fill,  
And thence down on his Rosy Cheeks Distil;  
Her love like to the *Ignis-fatuus* light,  
When most pursu'd, then most doth take its flight.  
Alas! fair one, she hath put off her Vest;  
( 'Tis too much pain) how shall she now be drest?  
The more he wooes, the nearer is at hand,  
The more doth she at unkind distance stand;  
But when disgusted he withdraws, O then!  
He's more then Fairest of Ten Thousand Men.  
His absence brings him near, his anger proves  
More lovely than his most obliging Loves.  
With careful looks, with dropping languid Eyes,  
She walks with pitious Importunities.  
Did you (I pray) my best-beloved see?  
O how I burn! O bring him unto me!  
At length he turns, how welcome think you may,  
As to the Polar Climes, the wished day

After



After a tedious night ; to see, he's proud,  
 His fair-one looking through a Rorid Cloud :  
 Absence Revirginates their chaste Embrace,  
 And brings the Flower of their Love in place.  
 Thus the All-wise disposer, for Delight,  
 Makes sow'rs to serve to Vertues appetite.

## P H I L A R E T E.

No bodied Vertue's pure, but by commerce  
 With Earth contracts much noxious Sordidness.  
 Which unpurg'd of corrupts, consumes her wealth,  
 Of Beauty, Vigour, and her Treasure, Health.

## T H E O P H O B E.

Therefore her great Physician oft designs  
 Her Potions of *Cathartick* Medicines :  
 Which cannot work without some great regret  
 Proceeding from reluctant Natures let.  
 And if more stout, then stronger Revulsives  
 Must take the place of gentle Purgatives.

## P H I L A R E T E.

Sometimes in Divine fulness she Exceeds :

## T H E O P H O B E.

Yes, therefore oft in vig'rous health she Bleeds,

*God in the Creature.*

49

(O wise Physitian ! lest her high-flown tide  
Of Blood should ferment to the worst of pride)  
Which gently oft repeated much restrains  
The force of lapsed Nature's swelling Veins:

*P H I L A R E T E.*

Ah Moral Vertue! but a splendid sin!  
Except the Deities true fear doth bring  
Thee in the way to rightly apprehend  
Thy worthy Object, only worthy End:  
Thou well becom'st thy name *Theophobe*;  
Vain, vain without thee were *Philarete*:

*T H E O P H O B E.*

The Royal Singer Chaunts the Divers States  
Of Just, and Unjust, with their Divers Fates; \*  
Which when together view'd, the good complain  
Without Just Cause, the Impious boast in vain:

*P H I L A R E T E.*

I wish your plainest Sense of it to hear;  
(The Sun walks high) then let us disappear:

\* *Psalm* 1st.

E

T H E

## T H E O P H O B E.

Thrice happy man, whose Divine Soul defies  
 Infernal Paths of wicked Policies ;  
 Abhorring, when seduc'd, there to abide,  
 Where Worldlings in Triumphant Chariots Ride:  
 And dreads to rest in *Atheists* Sweet-sleep Chair,  
 Or herd himself to thick Assemblies, where  
 Hardy Blasphemers Scornfully Proclaim  
 Contempt to God, reproach to Heavens Reign.  
 But Heavens Law is Heaven to his mind,  
 Where he more than *Hylean* Sweets doth find.  
 This he Studies: witness all ye, which fly  
 Minutes on Down-Wings to Eternity.  
 All day it is his brightest Sun so far  
 As Sable Night, and then his Brightest Star.  
 Blest Soul! when Fields and Woods Rejoyce to see  
 Thy florid state, as of a Fruitful Tree ;  
 Which some Experienc'd Planters skilful Hand  
 Hath made near to the Watry Trenches stand ;  
 Where Fertile Streams convey Sap to its Roots  
 With Vital Spirit ; that of Num'rous Fruits  
 Fair Off-Springs in due time shall still be found  
 To Bless with plenteous falls, the bearing Ground;  
 Its leaf no *Autumn* knows ; but vernal Pride  
 Adorn its Aged Limbs on every side.  
 Thus the Blest Saint Planted in Holy Soil,  
 Grows by Celestial Dew, not Earthly Toil ;

Water'd

Water'd with constant Showers from above,  
Which Pregnant with Ethereal Spirit, love  
To Gemm forth pleasant Fruits of Various kinds  
Of Divine Grace enriching Heav'nly minds.  
His Leaves, external goods, which Beautify,  
And throwd the fair Fruits of his Piety :  
No unkind Sun shall Burn, no Winds so Shake,  
Or roughest blustering Tempests from him take;  
But that his Boughs hold what does best suffice  
For noble Vertues fittest Exercise :  
Till prosp'ring more and more, he grows so high;  
To have his florid top above the Skie.  
As for the vicious vip'rous brood of Hell;  
A divers direful fate hath them befell.  
The most high Thunderer of wrath shall blow  
A furious Whirlwind on them below,  
To pluck them from their Contumacious Roots;  
And toss like Chaff, or lightest Husks of Fruits ;  
The Air's unstable sports, which every blast (last  
Drives from their scarce known place, and at the  
By Heaven's mighty force of Justest Ire  
From Earth to restless Flames of endless Fire.  
Then, when the Judg comes in a shining Cloud  
With Myriads of Angelick Troops aloud ;  
Sounding with mighty Trumps a gen'ral call,  
Awake ye dead, arise, and stand forth all. (dread  
The Judg, the Judg ! how will these Miscreants  
The Radiant Crown of his Imperial Head.  
Their trembling Joynts an horrid Palsy fills;  
Whilst they beg shelter of the Rocks, and Hills : .

Dying to see thick Legions of Saints bright  
In Sunbeam Armour of Meridian Light ;  
Who with United Votes applaud, and hum  
Those miserable *Caitiffs* final doom.  
For now the All-wise Arbiter approves  
The goings of his precious harmless Doves  
In publick presence ; when black *Belial's* friend  
Is Sentenc'd to an endless doleful end.

She said, and rose ; then hand in hand they past  
To darker Shades, no Star could shut so fast ;  
Their shapes flow'd into Light, seeming to be  
Like what clear Nights present, the *Galaxie*.  
I and my Friend with Joy returning, gave  
The Glory, whence poor men such Visions have.

*Glory to God in the Highest, on Earth Peace, good  
will towards men.*

*Hymnus*



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*Hymnus Matutinus.*

O R,

A S O N G to be Sung , or Said at  
the first Day-break.

I.

**O** Living Source of Holy Heat!  
 Tho I am little, and thou great;  
 Tho thou between the Cherubims dost sit,  
 And I among Pot-sheards; yet me admit  
 (And to this end my Breast inspire  
 With a most Chast Serafick Fire)  
 To Sing thee with the Morning-Stars so Bright,  
 True God of God, Eternal Light of Light,  
 The Blessed Day-spring from on high,  
 Which to the world brought'st a new Birth  
 Of Light, and Life; whilst it did lye  
 In darkness, and the shades of Death.

E 3

II. Thou

## II.

Thou, that hast healing in thy VVing,  
 Let thy Day-Star of Grace now bring  
 A Joyful Morn to my benighted mind,  
 And let its course a happy Progress find,  
 Till thy (blest Sun) more powerful Beams  
 Break forth in mighty Flowing Streams  
 Of clearest light, to make an open way  
 For Glories perfect (O Eternal) Day.

No VVaxings, VVanings, vary this,  
 Nor Clouds, or fear of Clouds draw near  
 To fully, or disturb its Bliss  
 So far above the Atmosphere.

## III.

Father of Lights! then of thy Love  
 Send down thy Spirit, which may prove,  
 As Salve, to clear from Scales my Clouded Eyes,  
 That I may see thy Sun when he doth rise ;  
 And all my observations take  
 By thy most sacred Rules, which make  
 The simple wise, and with unerring hand  
 To steer their Course to the Eternal Land  
 In roughest Storms, through proudest Seas,  
 O make this day one advance more  
 (Most blest Three-One) to the true ease  
 Of its most-to-be-wished Shore,

IV. But

IV.

But Night's far spent, and day's at hand;  
 Am I in dark Oblivion's Land?  
 Shall my Soul lie worse than a stupid beast,  
 Not to Salute fair light from yonder *East*?  
 O mind me! how that sweet-look't thing  
 Did first from thee (great Good-Word) spring:  
 VVhen thou the obscure Chaos did'st refine  
 And Beauteous form in Nature 'gan to shine,  
 But say ('tis done) let there be light  
 In my dark Soul, which still lies in  
 The dismal shades of Ghostly Night,  
 And deep in the Abyfs of sin.

V.

But Night's far spent, and day's at hand,  
 Am I in dark Oblivion's Land?  
 Shall my Soul lie worse than a stupid Beast,  
 Not to Salute fair light from yonder *East*?  
 O! let it mind me, what did shine,  
 (Great God-Man) when thy Stars Divine  
 To humble Shepherds did glad tidings Sing  
 Of thy amazing Birth, Immortal King!  
 Glory to God in highest, peace  
 On Earth, to sinful man good will;  
 VVhich never now again can cease,  
 Since God to Man's United still.

E 4

VI. But

## VI.

But Night's far spent, and Day's at hand,  
 Am I in dark Oblivion's Land ?  
 Shall my Soul lye worse than a stupid Beast,  
 Not to salute fair light from yonder *East* ?  
 O mind me of that dawning Day ,  
 VVhen thou thy rising did'st display  
 (Great God) in pow'r and splendor from the dead  
 (As well became) after thy setting red.  
 Give Life, and Light, that I may leave  
 My Grave of sin, as Bed, to run  
 In thy blest strength, which I receive  
 To worship thee, my Rising Sun !

## VII.

But Night's far spent, and Day's at hand,  
 Am I in dark Oblivion's Land ?  
 Shall my Soul lye worse than a stupid Beast,  
 Not to Salute fair Light from yonder *East* ?  
 O let it mind me of that Light  
 To which (Good God !) our Noon is Night :  
 Blest *Shechinah*, where thy great Clemency  
 Hath carr'd in Triumph our Humanity.  
 Refine my Nature from dross Dregs,  
 That I may presently contend,  
 And (tho, alas, with heavy Legs)  
 Make, where first Fruits thou didst ascend.

VIII. But

VIII.

But Night's far spent, and Day's at hand,  
Am I in dark Oblivion's Land ?  
Shall my Soul lye worse than a stupid Beast ?  
Not to Salute fair Light from yonder *East* ?  
O let it mind me of what light,  
VVhen thou com'st Judg in Clouds most bright:  
When at thy Trumpets New-Creating call,  
The Dead from their Dust-beds shall start up all.  
O may I live that sleep to take,  
VVith which thou dost thy dear ones bless ;  
That when thou callest, I may wake  
To see thy Face in Righteousness.

IX.

The Night's far spent, and day's at hand,  
Am I in dark Oblivions Land ?  
Remains my body like a stupid Beast,  
Not mov'd by nimble light from yonder *East*,  
Which flows full through the Hemisphere,  
And tells the busie Sun is near ?  
Up, up ! thy foreheads sweat justly decreed,  
Must now to pleasing ease and sleep succeed :  
Then make thy face, God ! on me shine,  
That with new Sp'rits, and vig'rous Joy,  
I may pursue thy Work ; and mine,  
( O prosper Lord ) in just employ.

*Hymn*



# The EVENING SONG.

Thou hast preserv'd my ways,  
(- Accept my Praise )  
This, and all other my past days.

Stream forth thy glorious Light,  
That I by Night  
May count my past days fins aright,

But how shall I recall  
 These Errors all,  
 Which under numbers will not fall!

*God in the Creature.*

59

O hide them in that night,  
Which from our sight,  
Did take and hide the Worlds great Light,

To thy all-piercing sight,  
My darkeſt Night  
Is clearer than to us Noon-light.

O let this thought me bring,  
To keep within,  
My heart and hand from ſecret ſin,

When I my Clay undreſs,  
Do thou me bleſs  
From rags of all Unrighteouſneſs.

Who knows where I may have  
My Bed for Grave!  
O then receive my Soul, and ſave.

Great VVatch, on whom no ſleep  
Doth ever creep :  
In grateful reſt ( I pray ) me keep

From all malignant things,  
Which darkneſs brings,  
Under the ſhadow of thy Wings.

Dart

Dart forth thy healthful beams,  
Dispel these steams,  
Which cause or cherish hurtful dreams.

Pitch round me Angels Tent ;  
And from thee sent,  
Let them blest Visions represent.

As in thy *Jacob's* Night,  
A Ladder bright,  
Thee on the Top, my Shield and Light,

Whilst they to thee ascend,  
And from thee bend,  
By turns, thy Jewels to defend.

So shall I in thy arms,  
Circled from harms,  
Be lull'd to bliss with sweetest charms.

Whilst gently from above,  
Thy favours prove  
My safeguard, and my bed of love.

When I awake, move me  
To sing of thee,  
And meditate on thy Mercy.

And with the Mornings wings,  
As Light begins,  
To flye to thee great King of Kings.

TO THE  
Candid READER.

**N**OW because amongst all Moral & Christian Vertues, which indeed differ only as the rude and the compleat draught, (Christianity being but summum Morale; Morality refined and sublimated to an heroical and diviner pitch); humility and meekness are of all other most eminently exercised by an All-Wise, Holy, Just, and good particular Providence; and by its exercitations rendred more conspicuous and resplendent; I therefore thought it not impertinent to annex as an Appendix to the foregoing debate, a Poetical Sermon on each of these most Divine and Metropolitan Graces.

Nor may the name of Sermon here applied, offend any with a seeming incongruity, that have but cursorily read (not to say any thing of the most harmonious Sermons of the Royal and other sweet Singers of Israel) the excellent composures of at least the  $\therefore$  Prince, tho not the King of Latin Poets, exhibiting Instances of the like, both Nature and Title.

$\therefore$  Horace.

And

And because these Mother Vertues, Humility and Meekness, never look more like themselves, than in their genuine and most true begotten Daughters, Repentance and Obedience ; particularly that which hath for her proper and immediate object humane Power ; Obedience to God, never evidencing it self more, than in a reverent and facile subjection to those his most Wise and most Good Providence hath thought meet to set over us. I have therefore moreover added a Penitential Song in Four Parts ; and Three Anti-Phanatical Poems ; Anti-Phanatical I call them, for Phanatical and disobedient to humane Powers, if deliberately inspected, will appear to be in truth convertible Terms. Nor could I be disanimated from these endeavours by supposing Poetry wholly unbecoming Divinity ; for the first Theology of the Heathen, ( as Antiquity tells us ) was sung by Linus, Orpheus, and other succeeding Poets , who in a special manner were esteemed their Priests and Prophets ; but passing by these, rather cast an eye at your pleasure on the true and select Worshippers of the One only true God. Here 'tis easily observable, that in both the Jewish and Christian Churches, the most ample and cheerfullest gratulations for the manifold and innumerable Benefits daily poured on the whole Creation by his Eternal Majesty, together with the most worthy Praises of both the Essential Infinite Perfections and Excellencies of the Divine Nature , and also of its communicated Vertues and Transplantations of Goodness

\*  
read from



Goodness to, and in all rational Beings, particularly Humane nature, were ever esteemed an essential and most peculiar part of Divine Worship; and the celebration thereof principally performed in Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs.

This in brief may be a competent Apology for at least the kind of my essays, to dress Divinity in Poesie, tho not perhaps for the quality of my Attempts, to wrap so noble and high-born a Creature in such swadling Clouts, as are the inventions and composures of an unfortunate and flagging Fancy. And yet those homely productions may serve a little to display the admirable Beauty of Providence in the most wise disposition of things, viz. one in order to the advancement and commendation of the good and Glory of another, and all to the good and Glory of man, Lord Deputy of the World; but still with most humble Subordination to the Glory and good Pleasure of the supreme Lord of Lords, who is both Alpha and Omega, the one only absolutely first Beginning and ultimate End of all things visible and invisible; for the Beauty of this sensible World consists chiefly in a well-proportioned variety gradually proceeding from lesser to greater Perfections, from gross and heavy Earth, to the thinner and more active body of Water, from water to more pellucid and spirit-like Air, from Air to Fire, the subtillest and most vigorous of the Elements; from Fire to Light, the most nimble and purest of sensible Beings. Were the World all Sun, or Stars, 'twould

not

not be the Ten Thousandth part so beautiful, as now a parcel thereof is, Earth, the dulness and opacity of the one ( as Opposites use to do ) setting forth and amplifying the beauty and splendor of the other.

And the Earth it self is never so beautiful, as when dedala Tellus, ( as Lucretius speaks almost in his first strains ) arrayed in her Spring Coat of divers Colours ; that which is sad and grave, mightily setting forth and commending her gay and flowry parts. Nor is it the least Glory of the Sun, Moon, and Stars, that one Star differs from another Star in Glory. Even so in the World of Spirits is there the like gradation in a most proportioned variety of Perfection ; from the spirit of Plants, which is educed out, lives with, and dies with its subject, containing only the powers of vegetation ; there is an assent to the spirit of Animals, which is likewise educed out, lives and dies with its subject ; but besides the powers of vegetation, contains moreover the faculties of sense : From the spirit of brut Animals there is another assent to the intelligence of man, unitable and actually united with matter, but in her self and most genuine operations immaterial and immortal, a rational mind virtually comprizing both the vegetive and sensitive souls : from the spirit of Man at length the ascent is to Angels, noble intelligences abstracted from all matter and material conditions ; From Angels the last ascent is to the Father of Spirits, an Infinite Intelligence absolutely abstracted as to all act and possibility, not  
only

only from *alt-matter* and *material*, but from all finite conditions, an eternal and immensurable Sea of Perfection, of which all created Perfections are essentially dependent derivations, and compared with which, were they all sublimated into one quintessence, the same would be infinitely less considerable, than the minutest drop of a Bucket in competition with the whole material and visible Ocean. Amongst the Angels, as we are assured from the sacred Oracles, there is a great variety as to superiority and inferiority of Order and Office, so by all rational inference must there be a diversity of degrees of Perfection answerable to their respective Orders and Offices: But in that part of the intellectual World, which comprehends men and humane society, he that runs may read the greatest variety both in body and mind, of natural and acquired Perfections, and as vast a difference of happiness in the action and exercise of either, as great (might I say) almost as of Faces: All which variety abundantly declares the infinite fulness and fecundity of the supreme Fountain: For every good giving, and every perfect gift, of what nature and quality soever, how mean and contracted, or how large and noble soever it be, cometh down from above from the Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness, nor shadow of turning.

And tho there are diversities of Gifts, and diversities of Operations, yet they all flow from one most Simple, Infinite Spirit of All-Wise Goodness; which gives and manifests in the World, the lesser

*Wits, not only for an agreeable ministration to the lower and more scanty apprehensions; but likewise as foils to set forth and commend the lustre of the more large and nobler capacities: So that (Readers of both sorts) the sum of all is this; You which are of the meaner and more contracted parts, may read these with gratitude to Heaven for providing you such suitable food: And you which are of the more large and nobler endowments, may read likewise, and bless Heaven in a more ample manner for its amplier and more magnificent diffusions of goodness to you, than to others; so both and all together may contemplate, admire, and adore the Infinite Wisdom of the Divine Providence in its so excellent contrivance of the whole system of the sensible and intellectual World; to be its own most beautiful Picture by a wonderful commixture of Light and Shade in and throughout all its parts; that each one should serve to the good and Glory of each other, and all together reflect the Image of the immortal Glory: Which one only Most worthy End, Heaven grant that we may all eternally answer in our respective capacities. Farewell.*

# S E R M O N I.

The Subjects Kingdom,

On Matth. V. 3.

*Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.*

**B**LEST are the minds enrich'd with poverty,  
 For them a Kingdom waits above the Sky.  
 Laid here in grace: which as a pledg begins  
 That Glory which compleats them after Kings.  
 Their infant Stature in their own Conceit  
 Makes them the men in Heavens measures great:  
 VVhich still delights to give the humble Grace,  
 But thunder-strikes with frowns the Mountain  
 Making God rising *Herod's* openly (Face, *road \* Riv King*)  
 Egregious proofs of brag'd Divinity;  
 The Voice of God, not man, they cry; for worms,  
 The God a prey then in a moment turns.  
*Colossus*-like, strutting his Glorious Court,  
 VVhat, have not I for my most mighty Port  
 This Palace built? boasts *Nebo* ∴ of the *East*,  
 Then turn'd from men, he pastures with the beast.  
 ∴ *Nebuchadnezzar* F 2 His



His Palace to a Forest, singing Boys (noise.  
 And Maids are turn'd to Bats and Owls hoarse  
 So greatly swelling minds Lycanthropise  
 Themselves to bruits from demi-deities ;  
 To bruits? Nay fiends, whilst full of grins and  
 They yet aspire still to unequal Thrones. (groans,  
 Nor is the humble Port less fair to men,  
 Whilst hate attends the haughty Diadem ;  
 And (as Experience speaks) the man that's proud,  
 Goes closely curs'd of his adoring croud :  
 If Honour be the Honourer's esteem,  
 Then from dishonours who can him redeem ?  
 Much fear'd, not lov'd ; just as the Nations prize,  
 When they adore their evil Deities :  
 The Rising Sun *Sejanus* sees on high ;  
 But Setting, sees him in a Dungeon lye :  
 But now the people worshipp'd him ; he falls,  
 And then they cry, to the *Gemonian* Scales ;  
 O humble Greatness, like the Mind profound,  
 Which stoops in gentle Dews to kiss the ground!  
 His lucid Globes, the Shadows of his Crown,  
 Tho placed high, yet still are looking down :  
 Nor take we measures of their Excellence,  
 But from their kind and lowly Influence :  
 Such Excellence spight of themselves all must  
 With bosom-worship, honouring the dust ;  
 Whilst Pride big-lookt, as more than half-divine,  
 Is trod for dirt, when its supports decline :  
 For why do the infernal Lions lay  
 Themselves like lowly Lambs? To gain a Prey.  
 So

So grin with haughty Heart, yet couching Knee,  
 Thy painful Praise Divine Humility :  
 But shameful Grief! that Devils chiefly find  
 Apt place for this in humane shape and kind,  
 In humane shape and kind ! How we unhinge  
 Our lofty Poles, cares and cant, and cringe,  
 To gain deluded Troops, when Policy  
 VVould Pride inthroned by feign'd Humility ?  
 Yet foaming waves still toss th' ambitious mind,  
 VVhich lab'ring like a troubled Sea can find  
 No rest. Now up she mounts to Heaven above,  
 VVhich if she cannot bend, then Hell she'l move.  
 So that her inmost Chambers represent  
 A streight and current foul and violent ;  
 VVhich in still Night the Bed made for repose,  
 VVith boisterous Perturbations overflows :  
 What threatening Rocks, Gulfs, Sholes, Quick-sands,  
 beside  
 Ten thousand dangers chiefly wait on Pride ?  
 Nor doth she rarely meet with VVinds and Seas,  
 Both opposite, which sup her up with ease  
 In rapid Ruins ( farewell Sun and Light )  
 Deep *Vortex* equal to her humours height.  
 Sometimes in prosp'rous Gales her lofty eye,  
 The head-lands of fair-haven boasts to spy :  
 Then all her waves of swelling Passions rise,  
 And scorn the limits of the starry skies :  
 VVhen on a sudden, blows a cross-ful gust,  
 That back to sea her gallant bottom must ;

Or hostile Rocks shall wrack her in distress,  
 Just on the shore of her thought happiness.  
 O most unsafe, when least of fears she knows!  
 VVhen at the best, still up and down she flows;  
 Her Honour under-sail lives all on breath,  
 And when at Anchor, but an inch from death:  
 VVitness great *Haman's* bliss in all his Pride,  
 That ebbs when this is at the highest Tide:  
*Haman* the great, *Haman* the only man,  
 In honouring whom the mighty Monarch can  
 Delight himself: *Haman* the Rising Sun,  
 To worship whom, lo all the *Persians* run:  
*Haman* the great, *Haman* whose eyes contemn  
 As worms all others, or as Pigmy men,  
 Compar'd with his more than Gigantick Port,  
 VVhen he looks from his *Sinai* at the Court;  
 Yet one poor *Mordecai's* ( ah ) stubborn knee,  
 The pleasures of his Glory makes to flee,  
 And yield to anguish their deserted seat:  
 Alas! tis all too little to be great!  
 VVhen on the highest peak of Honour there,  
 How slippery is his station? with what fear?  
 Not all from others, who salute his rise  
 VVith clouds of arrows from their envious eyes:  
 Some still impatient of a parallel,  
 And all of such as haughtily excell;  
 But from himself, whose head sometimes unsound,  
 Still unsecure stands in a place profound,  
 Fatal, when fumes from giddy passions fly,  
 And urge the dangers of a dazzling eye:

Some.

Sometimes disquiet in their proper sphere,  
 They to the Sun of Honour soar so near, (things,  
 That these bright beams which cherish humble  
 Consume or melt their daring waxen wings :  
 Or tho like Comets for a while they blaze,  
 And terrors move in all that on them gaze ;  
 Their own fierce motion urging to a Flame,  
 Whose glaring streams beget a dreadful name :  
 Their greatest splendor then predicts a fall ;  
 They burn, and turn from whence they did ex-  
 To fordid earth, and only leave behind (hale,  
 Such dire effects as men with curses mind.

But thou like the fair Lady of the Night,  
 (First of the eight blest \* Sisters) art most bright,  
 When most at humble distance from thy Sun,  
 Sweet Lowliness, then thou dost nearest come :

Nor hath thy fair-skin'd Beauty least excess, *read \**  
 When fable \*Morpheus thou dost most confess. *Morpheus*

Let Great Ones faithless Fortune on a round,  
 Thou on a square sitt'st safest near the ground.  
 Up goes the scale with thee, fall low or high,  
 Tho Earth and Sea were mingled with the sky :  
 But what needs this ? the lesser is the more

Fit to get into Heavens narrow Door ; (tempt  
 Which will not yield to those whose heads at-  
 With high Deserts to knock the Firmament.

The Firmament ? poor Nought and Dirt ! look  
 down

And meditate the rise of thy proud Crown.

\* Of the eight Beatitudes.

View gravely thy deformed feet ; how shall  
 Thy Peacocks Crest, and brisling Plumes but fall?  
 For is thy soul to an eclipse so prone,  
 As when most full of what are not her own,  
 But borrowed beams of the Eternal Light?  
 Compar'd with whom a Summers noon is night,  
 And all the Morning Stars which sang and play'd  
 In consort, when the Worlds first stone was laid,  
 Therefore with Jesus, who for Scepters look,  
 Must stoop with Jesus to the lowly Brook,  
 On whose fresh Banks the Flowers all are found,  
 VVherewith Celestial Princes must be Crown'd.  
 Most lowly Jesu, make my heart a Plot  
 Most humbly seated : O the happy Lot,  
 To be a Valley, where thy soul may feed  
 'Midst Lillies, which to thy warm beams succeed,  
 And through thy Merits may sweet Odours  
 breathe,

And garland me with an immortal wreath !  
 Did Pride throw *Lucifer* with his bright Train,  
 Of morning-stars from their affected Reign,  
 Man out of Paradise, whilst Might in Thrones,  
 The lowly in the seats of lofty ones ?  
 Behold thy Handmaid, ( Lord ) my naked soul,  
 Thy spotless Robe can cover all that's foul.  
 Make her fair Daughrer of thee ( King most high )  
 By being Mother to Humility.  
 By this was thine ( to carnal sense tho odd )  
 Both Royal VVife and Mother of great God,



Of the Blest Jesu. But what match thee can,  
 + Whose sovereign God becam' st a Serving-man ? \* *read Who*  
 A Serving-man ? as vile a slave did' st die,  
 VVhil' st Prince of Life and immortality.  
 VVhat nobler Pride this side the Starry Sky,  
 Than to Transcribe such rare Humility,  
 Humility outwondring Miracle ?  
 God stoops to man ; and Heaven unto Hell.  
 Stoop my stout heart, thou that canst all things  
 (bend :  
 That I with thee (great Godman) may descend :  
 Then from a VVorm in Dust, as Eagle may  
 Mount the high Countries of Eternal Day  
 To take Possession of that Throne, whose first  
 Foundations are lay'd lowly in the Dust.

Sermon

# SERMON II.

## The Meek Mans Inheritance.

On Matth. V. 5.

*Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the Earth.*

**B**LESSED are the meek, whose sweet Sedateness  
(can  
With Gentle Charms in dear both God and Man,  
Calm in those passions, whose tempestuous Breath  
To the most God-like Virtues, Threatens Death;  
When in great deeps their modest Sounding fail,  
Their yeilding reason unto Faith strikes Sayl,  
And still profoundly stoop't to Mysteries,  
When too sublime for its undaring Eyes.  
Their pleasure can't but ever Couchant lye  
To the good pleasure of the Deity,  
Avowing, human will ought to resign  
It's self and all to Sovereign will Divine.  
The sacred Statute's are their Meat and Drink;  
Nor will they ought Repugnant do, speak, think.

But

*\*read  
Sounding*

But their smooth passions all concenter in (Spring,  
 That boundless point, from whence they had their  
 And in which they without defecting, rest,  
 Esteeming all from Heaven to be best:  
 Worst evils best, as from a Providence  
 Alwise and Fathomless to Humane Sense.  
 O happy meekness! whom no Injuries  
 Can ever Flame, tho often may Surprise,  
 And sometimes move, much rather bent to dye,  
 Than once affront a Lawful Dignity.  
 She humbly Vows to all in higher Sphear,  
 And to her equals modestly draws near,  
 Like to the Heavenly Orbs imparts a sence  
 To all below of sweet kind Influence:  
 Obliging Friends with an Eternal Tye,  
 Whilst conquering kindness kills her Enemy.  
 Nor doth she less rejoyce to satisfy,  
 Than to remit an offer'd Injury.  
 Tender to violate the sacred Name  
 Of Friend with angry, tho deserved Flame.  
 All due Reproofs as Precious Balm she takes:  
 And still the like with gentle Gesture makes,  
 Making soft words well form'd in place and time  
 The Lenitive's of both, all wrath and crime.  
 This is (what Tongues can tell how Excellent)  
 The quiet Spirit's Lovely Ornament,  
 Whose Charming Beauties are of greater Price  
 Than Gold in Mens, in Heavens Holy Eyes.  
 Nor dares the Enemy its Magick fly,  
 The Devils own its true Divinity,

And

And howl its praise, assuming to perform  
 Their Blackest Plots the meek-mans taking form,  
 Whose Glory is to be sole King of Man,  
 Whom equalize no Earthly Monarch can;  
 For having all, deny him this to have,  
 And he's at highest but a Royal Slave.  
 Whilst over others on a Throne he reigns;  
 His Tyrant Passions hold himself in Chains;  
 Whereas the meek man Conquerin<sup>g</sup> self, defies  
 The worst Assaults of proudest Enemies.  
 Their furious Shot find him as yielding Wool,  
 To dead their force, that treats of Kindness full;  
 Can mildly boast more Captives than the Sword  
 In Glorious Triumphs ever could afford.  
 No Winds disturb his mind: but like the Air's  
 Superior Region, free from Stormy Cares  
 It truly represents that Harmony,  
 Which some but Dream't the Soul of man to be.  
 Not that his passions are expel'd as things  
 All over evil, Subjects still make Kings.  
 And grant that this the meek man should enjoy,  
 Is Reasons noble Empire to Destroy.  
 No, but his passion yeilds to Regent Will  
 And Will to Reason to be guided still,  
 Reason conducting well, which rarely fails  
 To go, from whence it came, with meek appeals.  
 Thus 'bove the Earth he sets as in a Throne,  
 Like Heaven firm: yet Earth is all his own.  
 What tho Usurping Hector's of the Age  
 Triumph and Lord it in his Heritage,

Set by th' *Eternal Wisdom* for a day  
 To Exercise the Meek-man, and Display  
 His God-like Virtue, which through too much ease  
 Might turn her Vigorous Health to a Disease  
 Unapt to show her self, unless some foes  
 With Noxious Fumes her gentle Air oppose ;  
 Their Hearts Delights their Happiness destroy,  
 For having all, they nothing can enjoy :  
 And domineering cannot truly Live :  
 But restless furies daily Murders give  
 In jealous fears. And when by fate they must  
 Pass off the Stage, they go of all men curst.  
 All but the Meek-man, who as Lawful Heir  
 Possesseth all, possessing without fear (Hand,  
 What Heaven metes, the breadth of one small  
 Yet Adequate to all the Promis'd Land.  
 The Blisful Visions of the Face Divine,  
 His *Goshen* makes all *Egypt* to outshine :  
 That tho a Shepherd, he outhappy's Kings  
 Under the shade of his *Great Shepherds* Wings.  
 Omnipotence it self is his Life-Guard :  
 And boundless goodness his compleat reward.  
 What if the Earth be mov'd, or Mountains were  
 VVith Rapid winds swept through the Thundring  
 Into the Sea, whose Floods lift to the Stars (Air  
 Strive to outdo the tumults of fierce VVars (loud,  
 From Clashing Arms, Guns, Drums, and Trumpets  
 And Legions circling him as with a Cloud ;  
 Yet now, when only Storms without are seen,  
 He still enjoys a peaceful calm within,

VVith



VWith which he lies down fold'd in Heavens Arms  
Both out of reach, and out of fear of harms.

The VWorld to him is all a Paradise,  
And every Cottage of an Equal Price

VWith all the VWorld: where his contented mind  
The truest Empire can all Kingdoms find.

Thus doth he all Inherit in a Mite:

VWhilst the Morose Invaders of his Right  
But rarely boast a Portion of good things  
Equal to what the Meek-man's study brings.

By Natures ways, contention being prone  
To Burn at once her Neighbours House and own;  
Whilst peaceful meekness by her native Charms  
Her self and Fortune guards from studious harms;  
Few of the base delighting to annoy  
Her, whose delight is quiet to enjoy.

But let the Lawyer and the Magistrate  
From dreaming Suits determine this debate,  
Whether the meek are Earth's Possessors more  
Than they who Fury's for their Gods Adore.  
Or stay till day arrives to perfect light,  
And you shall see the Meeks undoubted Right,  
When only they shall actual heirs be found  
Of the New Canaan, and be richly Crown'd;  
No envious Rivals entering in so well,  
But such, as can bring into Heaven, Hell.

Jesu, more Meek than Moses! make me mild,  
To God and Man like to a weaned Child;  
Contract my swelling Sails, and calm my mind,  
That thou in me no haughty looks may'st find,

But

road \*  
Framing

But which with meek assent may gently bend  
 To thy great truth's, when science they transcend.  
 Let VVonder then preside in Reasons seat  
 Most fit in things for Human reach too great:  
 That where is less of sight, the Head may more  
 Profoundly bow, and awfully Adore.  
 Subdue and smoothe my rugged will, till thine  
 (Alas, tho rudely) be pourtra'd in mine:  
 That at thy beck her no regret may stay,  
 When thou command'st, demurring to obey.  
 But let her prize thy words more than the Gold  
 That ever was from wealthy *Ophir* fold,  
 Receiving all (too dear to be withstood)  
 Thy Royal Laws for Holy, Just, and Good.  
 So may my passions as a Loyal Train  
 Of loving Subjects constitute her Reign,  
 All voting it (when thou but say'st) no loss  
 To change a Crown for thine Enobled Cross.  
 Dumb let me be at thy rebukes, (no word,  
 But let *him do his pleasure*) 'tis the Lord,  
 Submitting Life to thee with all the rest,  
 Who only know'st, can'st, wilt'st effect the best.  
 Should'st thou thy Vice-roys and deputed Gods,  
 The higher powers, make my scourging Rods;  
 O! let me kiss them, dreading to defy  
 The Image of Immortal Majesty,  
 Both in it self, and other placed near,  
 As serving Angels in a higher sphear.  
 Whilst I accost all with obliging Grace  
 In both an equal, an inferior place;

*read  
 \* profoundly*

Compose

Compose my frame for pardon to be prone;  
 To give to others, and to crave my own.  
 I in the Jewel of the Christian Crown,  
 Not on my wrath to leave the Sun go down,  
 But rather heap thick blessings which may prove  
 Coals on their Heads to melt them into Love.  
 Their thoughtful Heads, with causeless wrath  
 (who burn,  
 And sulph'rous Flames for Lambent Fire return;  
 So may I (God) enjoy the Promise Land.  
 That part is all, that's measured by thy hand.  
 Tho in the midst of Thorns should be my lot,  
 Thy favour makes it a most pleasant Plot,  
 Secure of which how should I ever cease  
 To rise refresh't, when I lie down in peace?

*Lacrimæ*

## *Lacrimæ Penitentiales :*

O R,

A Penitential S O N G, in Four Parts, in Poetical Meditations on the Principal of the Penitential Psalms.

O D E. I. On Psalm VI.

I.

O Sea, and every Spring!  
Your Floods and Rivers bring  
To my Heads deep,  
That I may weep

A Deluge for my Sin.

II.

My fins, whose heads above  
All height (Blest Jesu) move,

\*road Waves

G

Ex:

*God in the Creature.*

Except the Flood  
Of thy dear Blood,  
And Mountains of thy Love.

## III.

(Then Lord) rebuke me not,  
Whilst thy fierce Wrath is hot ;  
But first assuage  
Thine Anger's rage :  
O spare ! hast thou forgot.

## IV.

Thou art the sick souls Friend ;  
Thy healthful hand, Oh ! lend ;  
Thou my sick heart,  
Be my desert,  
E're life my languors end.

## V.

The pow'rs of Night combin'd,  
That my afflicted mind,  
Whilst Bones oppress,  
Obtain no rest,  
No truce from Flames may find.

## VI. How



VI.

How long without relief,  
Wilt thou leave me to grief?  
O turn in Love,  
And let me prove,  
Thy Mercy still is chief:

VII.

My soul from Hell return;  
Why should thy Fury burn,  
Till cruel death,  
Leaves me no breath  
To praise thee in mine Urn?

VIII.

I tire each night with groans,  
Which beat my breast like stones,  
(Ah,) t'other day,  
More hard than they;  
What tongues can tell my moans?

IX.

My bed made for repose,  
No sleep, no quiet knows;

But from mine eyes,  
Such Floods arise,  
That it quite overflows.

## X.

Behold my hollow eyes,  
How strength and beauty dies,  
Betwixt the storms, \*Scornes  
And piercing thorns  
Of my souls Enemies.

## XI.

Away hence, far depart,  
All ye which drew my heart  
With vain delights,  
And pleasant baits,  
To this most bitter smart

## XII.

But thou ( my God ) rejoice,  
To hear my mournful voice :  
For Jesus Tears,  
Receive my Pray'rs,  
A Penitent's thy choice.

## XIII. Let

XIII.

Let his great Merit's Name,  
O're-whelm my foes with shame,  
And put to flight  
Their blustering might,  
Whilst I extol the same.

---

O D E II.

On Psalm <sup>xxxij</sup> ~~xxxiii~~.

**T**Hrice blessed man ! whose sins are wash't  
Of dearest blood, (off in the flood  
(Most Blessed Jesu ! ) from thy launced side :  
And all whose foul deformity,  
From the strict eye  
Of Purity,  
Thy spotless Robe of Innocence doth hide,  
Bless'd man ! when the most Righteous Judg  
shall quit from guilt each part,  
That no black guile,  
Shall to defile,  
Be found in Tongue or Heart.

G 3

II. Blest

## II.

Blest man! sing still my soul ; for whilst that I in  
 My wounds did hide pride  
 From thee the sole Physician of my health ;  
 Through Racks which would no measure find,  
 My Spirits pin'd,  
 Vigour declin'd,  
 And old age seis'd my bones by force, not stealth.  
 Both day and night thy hand prest me, moisture  
 My hopes were worn (to drought did turn :  
 Like stalks of Corn,  
 Which raging Summers burn.

## III.

But when my putrid sores I nakedly addrest,  
 And all confess  
 To thy ( my great Physician's ) tender eye ;  
 Thou cool'st the ardors of my Sin,  
 Remov'dst its sting,  
 And ease didst bring,  
 With precious balm, which strongest poisons fly :  
 A precious Balm ( *Gilead* could thine both guilt  
 Which made my wound, ( and filth remove? )  
 Both clean and sound,  
 A Balm of bleeding love.

## IV. For

## IV.

(Court,

For this! the pious Troops will still frequent thy  
In joyful sort,  
With Incense of their sacred Vows (great King),  
Inflam'd with Love of Grace the Prime ;  
In thy due time,  
From every Clime :  
Nor will they doubt, secure from fear, to sing;  
But tho' a universal flood should swiftly on them  
They should find place (rise,  
To praise thy Grace,  
Midst their Calamities,

## V.

Thou art my only Tow'r, where I can run to fly  
The Enemy,  
Whose shorten'd rage thy Mercies Pow'r prolongs,  
Whilst thou dost glorious Trophies raise,  
Each of my days,  
To thy great Praise,  
And circles me with glad victorious Songs.  
I hear thee, I'll dispel these mists and foggs,  
That day seems night, (which make thee blind,  
And Darkness Light,  
To thy obscured Mind.



## VI.

If thou prove not like to the stupid Horse and  
 Whom Curbs must rule, ( Mule,  
 I'll guide thee with mine own auspicious eyes,  
 Which well attended shall not cease,  
 Thy Lights to 'crease  
 In ways of Peace,  
 Till thou attain'st Celestial Palaces ;  
 When thou shalt see what Plagues expect con-  
 What Saints shall reap, ( ceal'd impieties,  
 Tho now they weep,  
 In hopeful Miseries.

## VII.

Then lift up ( O my soul ) thy drooping Head  
 And Joy in smart, ( and Heart,  
 With all that love a pure Heart, and pure Hand ;  
 See in your Tears your Sun most bright,  
 In Darkness Light,  
 Blest Day in Night,  
 From boist'rous Seas a firm Eternal Land :  
 Ye which have mourn'd like Doves, now in a fa-  
 Sing, 'tis our God, ( cred Quire rejoice :  
 That was our Rod,  
 With a triumphing Voice.

# ODE III.

On Psalm XXXVIII.

A Pindarick ODE.

## I.

**W**Hat laps'd again,  
 (Poor Wretch) into thy former burning  
 Alas ! too daring Confidence, ( pain!  
 Betray'd me sadly to improsp'rous negligents ;  
 Which gave my Enemies,  
 Whose greedy Eyes,  
 Are full of sleepless Cruelties,  
 Both Strength and Time,  
 Of all the Flower and Prime,  
 For new Surprize.

## II.

What shall I do ? hast thou but one,  
 ( For thee I must now wooe ) ( blest Jesu ! ) King  
 of Mercies most imperial Throne,

One

*God in the Creature.*

One cordial drop with which thy life-full death,  
Did once revive my dying breath ;

Yes, yes, they in vast multitude excel,  
As Heaven doth Earth, and infinitely more ;  
So high, so deep, so large, so full is thy rich Mer-  
All sins of sinful Earth and Hell : ( cies store,  
Then ( great All-love ) whose tender Womb  
Alone gives life and breath to every thing,  
Before I go to my long silent home ;  
From thy soft breasts let one drop spring,  
One drop ( full Paps ) to lay my parching heat,  
Whose Paroxisms never were so strong, so great.

## III.

My Maker, and the World's, as good as just,  
O mind my Mould ! I am but Dust ;  
Strike, lo, I meekly kiss the kind paternal Rod,  
But strike not as my Lord, but God ;  
Not whilst thy Justice with a Flaming Sword,  
Stands ready to avenge thy Royal VVord ;  
But with thy Mercy close at hand,  
Its fury to withstand :

For how do thy most mighty keenest Arrows  
Fast in my Breast ? ( stick  
And yet by thy Right Hand still deeper prest.  
I feel them, tho before incomparably Sick,  
VVhich venom'd by my sin with deadly smart  
Pierce through the inmost fibres of my heart,

## IV. All

IV.

All Salutory Juice thine angry breath consume;  
 That only fumes  
 Most pestilent remain more black and foul  
 Than blackest smoke, more hot than fire,  
 In glowing compact \* Ire, \* Iron.  
 Almighty Sire!  
 O what a Taphet is a guilty soul!  
 My guilty soul, which robs her servant body of  
 As if each part, (all rest;  
 VVith the most skilful torturing art,  
 VVere Day and Night oppress.

V.

Each Joint resolv'd with pains,  
 By sad, but justest Law lets, and sucks in;  
 (O had I forethought the sad gains),  
 And so doth spread abroad the deadly poison of  
 That I throughout infernal dolours find, (my sin,  
 From thy displeasure and my conscious mind,  
 VVhich apprehends, imprisons, hales to Judg-  
 ment, tries, attests, arraigns,  
 Convicts, condemns to racking pains,  
 And tho not kills,  
 Yet every hour with crouds of long-liv'd deaths  
 it fills.

VL VVhat

## VI.

VVhat can ye more ( my threatning sins ) ?  
     whose mighty tow'ring waves,  
 Alarm Heaven, depress me to the Graves  
 Of a dread deep; striving to rise, despair  
 Still keeps me down, whose weight what *Samp-*  
     *son's* back can bear ?  
 Yet ( darling Furies ) will ye more,  
 To me already one great fore ?  
 Alas ! 'tis through mine own Chirurgery,  
 That thus in Stench I lye,  
 And float in mine own vile impurity :  
 Rash folly seeking a too hasty calm,  
 But slightly searcht before, unskilfully it skinn'd  
     the wound with balm ;  
 That now my festered sores recrude, and I  
 Bow'd down with languid eyes all day,  
 Go on my way,  
 And wash my steps with tears most mournfully.

## VII.

How still my painful bowels burn,  
 VVith noisom flames of divers kinds of bruitish  
 VVhich to drought all moisture turn, ( lust ?  
 And from my heart,  
 To every near and distant part,

Cause



Cause and communicate a raging thirst,  
 After these waters, whence thou (grief) hadst  
 thy first spring,  
 Impoison'd with fair Paradise's sting;  
 Of which yet wretched man I sought  
 A greedy draught,  
 Which so diffus'd the Poison, that from Head  
 To Foot, a Plague is spread,  
 A Plague which scorns all the Cathartick Medi-  
 Ta'en from rich Natures hand, (cines,  
 By Sea and Land,  
 And which the best of Art refines,  
 And only yields to what (blest Jesu! great  
 Jehovah!) thou gav'st in thy bloody sweat;  
 One drop whereof appl'd as well design'd,  
 Can antidote the Plagues of all mankind.

VIII.

Then (Lord!) what else remains,  
 But that I forthwith flee  
 To thee for remedy,  
 And shew thee (Boundless Goodness!) all my  
 Tho broken-hearted, in strong cries, (Pains,  
 Which may, tho from a horrid deep, yet pierce  
 the lofty Skies.

Let them approach thy Mercy's Throne,  
 Who hearest every lowly sigh, and hearty, heavy  
 Thou know'st the whole of my desire: (groan:  
 Quench not, but fan with thy kind breath, the  
 smoaking Flax's fire; Break

Break not the bruised Reed ;  
 Nor kill ( All-love ) the heart that doth already  
 See how it pants, beats with fear, ( bleed :  
 Trembles with presaging care ;  
 That I most like a feeble Reed appear,  
 To every breath, and fill with dismal tones all  
 round the mournful Air.

## IX.

(crown'd  
 Sight fails my clouded eyes which once were  
 With glorious Sunbeams ; now a night profound  
 Invelops all, that I can see  
 Nought but my woful misery ;  
 And how my dearest Lovers far, far, from me  
 Which in my bosom use to lye, (blushing flye.)  
 Blest Angels, and thou boundless Source of Love,  
 Most chaste and undefiled Dove,  
 Who loath to lye  
 Near such a Sty,  
 As I, of vile Impurity !  
 Nor dare they join, with mine, their hands,  
 Whom Nature join'd to me in strictest bands :  
 Nay, and the venerable name  
 Of Friend abhors my shame ;  
 Friends look from far,  
 But dare not to draw near :  
 They fearful are,  
 To greet the wounded Deer.

## X.

Dark Angels, and their numerous Race,  
 The wicked World, triumph in my disgrace;  
 My Soul's proud Foes with Glory lift their Horns,  
 And add to misery their scorns,  
 Which gore my wounded breast like Thorns:  
 Nor want they Stratagems to strive,  
 That I my grief might never more survive,  
 At least survive true Penitent:  
 So is their Malice bent;  
 For thus they me careſs; Come live a while,  
 And turn thoſe panick looks into a ſmile;  
 Turn Tears to Wine, thy watered Couch to Beds  
 Of ſweeteſt Odours; come, let's crown our heads  
 With Roſie Chaplets, that it may be known  
 To others and our ſelves, we're ſtill our own:  
 VVhat means this flegmatick, dull Penitence?  
 Need'ſt thou, more than thy fellows, a pretence?  
 VVhat pleaſure after grim Death's day?  
 VVhilſt blood rounds briskly in our veins,  
 Let's uſe our time, and ſlight no cheering means,  
 Each Moment we decay,  
 VVith our laſt breath all fleets away;  
 And nought we have ſhall ſtay.

XI. But

## XI.

But I refrain'd my tongue in silent grief,  
 Altho my breast did swell, as all together dumb  
 and deaf;  
 For of Thee (Thrice best, greatest Parent!) I  
 Hope all defence against their monstrous Blas-  
 phemy; (Swords,  
 VVhose Oily Tongues are sharper than their  
 And Poison lurks within their Candid words:  
 Hear me with most benign ears,  
 And rescue me from all my fears;  
 Sustain me (Heaven!) with an Almighty hand,  
 That I upright may walk and stand;  
 For when (alas!) I step aside,  
 Or in most slippery ways but slide,  
 'Tis joyful Triumph to their envious Pride:  
 As men infected with the Plague desire, (Fire.  
 And joy to spread the flames of the pestiferous

## XII.

Thy Acts, what're they be,  
 Are all alike most highly Holy, Just, and good:  
 Lo, I'm content to bear, Great Clemency!  
 VVhat's by thee fit understood,  
 Tho Sacrifice of Blood,  
 And fix my eye  
 On the true cause of misery,

Yes

Yes ( Judg most equal of th' Eternal Throne),  
 The Spring of my sick Heart is all my own.  
 My sins, my sins, exact, of right,  
 A plague that's infinite :  
 These I own, and have in sight ;  
 These more numerous than the Sand ;  
 Those above the Mountains stand ;  
 Those above the Stars ascend ;  
 Those to Hells deep Center bend :  
 But as thy mighty Son hath here gi'n all  
 Dark Pow'rs a Second Fall ;  
 So there he's gone Triumphant King,  
 To lead us on, and to secure us in,  
 By blest Portcullises made of Immortal Diamond,  
 Whose brightness can benight the Sun :  
 Lift all quite up to let us, us men in,  
 In our first Fruits, our universal conquering King,  
 Whilst glorious Hierarchy's found all Contents,  
 To compose Quires on Heaven's Battlements ;  
 The most victorious Godman to commend  
 Alternately with those, that him did in ascent at-  
 Ascent to the Eternal Capitol, (tend;  
 Where all his faithful Soldiers shall  
 In Triumph follow——

XIII.

Then whilst ( *dear Sire!* ) thy Love in angers  
 Let thy strong hand fast Chain ( reign,

H

The



The cruel Mercies of both Earth and Hell ;  
 For why should they excel,  
 Excel in Malice, yet in mighty numbers 'crease,  
 That Sport and Triumph in a forlorn Peace ;  
 That laugh when Heaven frowns,  
 And feast like Vultures on my Wounds ;  
 That repay good with ill, grin at a Penitent,  
 And with his Tears would have his Blood, be-  
 cause he doth present

Them all a hated, humble President ;  
 But leave not God, then who there will come near?  
 Be thou my Guard, no Enemy I'll fear ;  
 Remove sins *O*pace Globe hence speedily,  
 Which interpoſeth 'twixt my Sun and me ; (ſight,  
 That my poor Moon-like Soul, barr'd from his  
 May ſee and feel again his wonted beams,  
 And ſhine with free Reflection of lent-light ;  
 Whiſt thou ( *bleſt Life!* ) doſt flow in liberal  
 Streams.

ODE

## O D E IV.

On Psalm L I.

**O** Life and Light of all that live !  
 Which facile Ears and Eyes cōst give  
 To penitential sighs and tears,  
 Receive my humble fervent Pray'rs,  
 Whose tender Mercies Croud exceeds  
 All numbers, blot out my misdeeds ;  
 Which howsoever num'rous prove,  
 Yet cannot parallel thy love :  
 Perfect (*great Power !*) what tears begin,  
 And wash me throughly from my sin ;  
 Those sins which in my misery,  
 Too justly claim supremacy :  
 Wash in the streams that strong Rock gave,  
 Which Mercy in the Deserts clave,  
 Dry Deserts which no water have :  
 Wash o're and o're, that I may be  
 A living Temple, 'gain for thee :  
 For (Lord !) in most prostrate address,  
 I my most crimson Crimes confess :

H 2

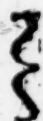
Nor

Nor doth their Image day or night,  
 One Moment dye out of my sight;  
 Only to thy All-seeing Eye,  
 Their hideous Form did naked lye;  
 Who only dost my secrets see,  
 The only Judg to punish me;  
 That 'twere most just to purge the same  
 With thy fierce Fury's hottest Flame;  
 Whilst thou dost clearly vindicate  
 Thy sacred Sentence from debate,  
 And baffle their proud Blasphemy,  
 Who dare Arraign thy Equity,  
 Triumphant in a perditè sense,  
 Of no o're-ruling Providence;  
 Or charge *All-love* with cruelty;  
 O purge and heal my Malady;  
 For I ( alas ) diseased thing,  
 Deriv'd from a contagious Spring,  
 Black Spots to my first light did bring!  
 And e're I into light was sent,  
 From the dark Womb, the rudiment  
 The fertile seeds of Vice did take,  
 Into my liquid Natures make;  
 But thou *Great Faith!* whose changeless might,  
 Cannot 'mids storms but stand upright,  
 Art simple Truth, whom never guile,  
 No not in shadow could defile:  
 This doth thy sacred Love so prize,  
 That tho with vicious Fumes made blind,  
 Thou hast inlighten'd my dark eyes,  
 With beams of Glorious Promises,

That

That I through hidden VVifdom find,  
 Tho all the pow'rs of Night combin'd  
 Me to seduce, to thee a way  
*Blest Father* of Eternal Day!  
 Purge therefore my foul Leprosie,  
 Thy loathing, and my misery,  
 VVith Hyssop in the sacred Flood  
 Of thine own Son's dear VVater-Blood;  
 VVhose side a willing Stace did prove,  
 To let out that Red-Sea of Love,  
 That I, I washt with it might be,  
 VVhiter than Snow's Virginity;  
 O could I hear thy peaceful voice!  
 My bones which have been broken long,  
 How would they in a dance rejoice,  
 As if by fracture made more strong!  
 O make my mourning soul rejoice,  
 To hear (good God!) that pleasant voice!  
 P'le not survey with rigorous eyes,  
 Thy numerous Impurities:  
 But rather will thy sins remove,  
 And drown them in my Sea of Love:  
*Great Parent of the World!* by whom,  
 All sprang from nothing's teeming VVomb,  
 Speak into me a heart that's found,  
 VVhere no defiling loves are found:  
 And in that heart renew a mind,  
 From earthly saculence refin'd;  
 VVhere thine own Image true and bright,  
 Thy Royal Presence may delight,  
 To feast all Day, to lodg all Night;

read\*  
 word:



Here let Celestial Flames still burn,  
 That hence thy Spirit ne're may turn  
 To leave me 'gain as liveless Urn:  
 For what wish I? the healthful Grace,  
 And solid Joy of thy blest Face;  
 And that restor'd, I may abide;  
 Let thy free Spirit ever guide,  
 With Kingly Conduct to suppress  
 All rebel motions of the flesh,  
 Then shall I preach the Glories of thy name,  
 And crowds of Converts shall adore the same;  
 Reduc'd by my example to obey  
 Thy sacred Laws from error's crooked way;  
 God of my Life! deliver from the Cries (the Skies,  
 Of loud-tongue blood, whose voice surmounts  
 Our guilty Land; so shall be all day long,  
*Great! Good! and Just!* the burden of our Song:  
 Rouse up my living Lire, my breast inspire,  
 With vigorous sparks of pure Seraphick Fire:  
 That Heart and Tongue enlarg'd, their strains  
     may raise  
 To sing (Great Harmony!) thy noble Praise:  
 Mercy and Judgment sing, how they in thee,  
 By discord Notes, most lovingly agree: (Rams,  
 Thou art not pleas'd with Thousands of Young  
 Nor with the *Hollicosts* of fat of Lambs,  
 Or fairest Bulls prepar'd with holy Flames;  
 The VWorld is thine; but lo a Heart contrite,  
 A Spirit broken with sins heavy weight,  
 Abhorring Fraud, is thy blest Heart's delight,

Lo



Lo such I offer, such to thee I lift,  
 My God accept and crown thine own free gift:  
 O may men see, so long as Night knows Moon,  
 And whilst the Sun makes Morning and the  
 Thy Face serene to guild fair *Sion's* Hill, (Noon,  
 Thy Holy Church with Heavenly Splendor fill:  
 Behold the Rents, view well her batter'd VValls,  
 Mark how ( alas! ) she shakes, she roters, falls;  
 Cement her breaches with a lasting Peace;  
 And let her held-proof bulwarks still increase,  
 That hostile Nations may her Progress more  
 Admire, than at her back-ward course before:  
 Then shall the Righteous ( great *Sionian* King! )  
 VVith free-will Joy their live Oblations bring  
 Of hallow'd Bodies, with pure Souls, to grace,  
 Like fruitful Palms, thine Owner's dwelling-place.  
 Then shall thy Votaries come from all parts,  
 With whole Burnt Offerings of inflamed hearts,  
 With zealous love, which breathe up to the Skies,  
 Thick Clouds of Pray'rs a grateful Sacrifice,  
 With thy sweet Incense ( *Jesu!* ) well perfum'd,  
 And lofty Praises, tho but lowly tun'd:  
 Then shall they still on thy blest Altar's, place  
 Thy Royal Son, the Brightness of thy Face:  
 VVhere all our *Delila's* in bonds succeed,  
 And Victims to his Love, our hatred breed:  
 And this shall more thy pleasure, more thy love,  
 Than all the pomp of *Heccatombs* can move.

read \*  
 first proof

THE  
Comfortable MOURNER:  
A SERMON

On Matth. V. 4.

*Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.*

**B**LEST, blest are they, who for their follies  
mourn,  
Their Sorrow shall to greatest Triumph turn  
Ashes to Beauty, sad Sackcloth to white,  
Out-boasting all the Glories of the Light:  
VVant of such Grief speaks a Lethargick State;  
O deadly Symptom of a Reprobate!  
Whilst active Grief is Comforts Excellence:  
The brisk acuteness of the vital sense: (thrive,  
Quick feeling 'tis which, where it doth most  
Proclaims the Soul most vigorously alive:  
Mourn, then rejoice in it, your healthful wound,  
When searcht with wine, shall smoothest oyl make  
found;

That

That precious Oyl which speaks to every part,  
 With Balmy Lips its great Composers Art ;  
 Able to turn afflicted *Joseph's* cold  
 Hard Shackles of Iron into Chains of Gold :  
 And lend his Tears more Vertue to refine  
 His Mirth, than all th' ungrateful Butler's wine!  
 The Dove-like *Comforter* will pardon sing,  
 More pleasant than the chantings of the Spring,  
 Into your peaceful, tho' once thundered Ears :  
 Good Cheer these Eyes shall see, these fertile tears,  
 Make this your *Babab* Pleasures to afford,  
 Like Paradiſe, the Garden of the Lord ;  
 When Harveſt ſhouts, ſhall drown all noiſe of toil,  
 In cultivating your well-watered ſoil :  
 And you go up fair *Sion's* Hill, which leaves,  
 All Pools behind, with loads of wealthy  
 ſheaves.

Then 'gins great Jubile, whoſe welcom eaſe,  
 Gains from paſt pains an Emphaſis of praiſe :  
 For think, to whom ſweet reſt ſo grateful can  
 Appear, as to the weary labouring man :  
 What Tears remain, ſhall be as Orient Gems,  
 To beautifie your ſacred Diadems ;  
 And memory of grief not to alloy,  
 But ſublimates the ſpirits of your Joy :  
 Thus blackiſh Moles prove Beauty-Spots to grace,  
 Not to deform true Vertues God-like Face :  
 But (ah ! ) true Vertue (Lord ! ) is far from me ;  
 I know, but ſerve not thy bleſt Deity :

What

What shall I do? I want due strength, not will.  
Do thou (*Great Might!*) my brutish Passions kill.  
My sins grow daily stronger, and are more  
Than all the Sands, by Seas washt on the Shore.  
Fain would I mourn, *Blest Wisdom!* teach me how,  
But not how much, for I can ne'r enow:  
First give me pious tears, then (*Living Vine!*)  
Turn, turn, those tears into Immortal Wine:  
Which nobled with thy Blood (*All-Righteousness!*)  
Who trod'st alone the overflowing Press;  
May glad, not only my poor heart, but all  
The mighty States of Heavens great *White-hall*:  
The blest *Three One* will take what sweet content,  
When they behold their mourning Penitent;  
My *Great Creator*, welcome new-made Son;  
My *Dear Redeemer*, what my Blood hath done;  
My *Holy Comforter*, let me embrace  
My *Precious Convert*, and augment his Grace,  
Refreshing him with shades of Dovey wings:  
And then each Pole with Pearls of Anthems rings,  
From good-will'd Angels who much more re-  
joice,  
For one that mourns, than Ninety nine so choice,  
As not to know they need a mournful voice.  
O Joyful Grief! O mourning Festival,  
Preparing Virgins for the Bridegrooms call;  
Come panting hearts, come to consummate bliss,  
Tie you carels with an Eternal Kiss:  
Put off your sable Weeds, on Robes all white,  
Becoming best the Lambs blest Nuptial Light:  
Whose

Whose Beauty you shall find much, much more  
bright,

When you compare it with your former Night:  
A Night whose shades deceasing soon as born,  
Give place to Joys most perfect Mid-day Morn:  
Fresh still as Infancy, as Manhood Strong,  
New as each Instant, yet as Ever, long.



**T**HE Epilogue, or Corollary from all the Premises, in opposition to the principal Tenent of the Garden; that is, of Epicurus and his Followers, who Philosophized anciently in a Garden; viz. Their Opinion of no overruling Providence, as being utterly destructive of the Happiness, and highly derogatory to the Majesty of a God to stoop to, and interfere with the care of any sub-Celestial, and especially Terrestrial Affairs; Which Doctrine their Philosophical Poet sings in these Verses,

*Omnis enim per se divum natura necessest,  
Immortali ævo summa cum pace fruatur,  
Semota ab nostris rebus, sejunctaque longe;  
Nam privata dolore omni, privata periclis,  
Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nihil indiga nostri,  
pro:meritis Nec bene per meritis capitur, nec tangitur ira.*

Lucret. lib. i.

Which

Which the Oxford Swan hath thus excellently  
taught English.

For whatsoe're's divine, must live in Peace,  
In undisturb'd and everlasting ease ;  
Not care for us, from fears and dangers free,  
Sufficient to its own felicity ;  
Nought here below, nought in our power it needs,  
Ne're smiles at good, nor frowns at wicked deeds.

*Mr. Creech in his Elevation of Lucretius.*

**T**hen sing live Lute, that whatsoe're's divine  
Is not as fanci'd by the Garden \* Swine ;  
Men who to Fortunes chances all ascribe,  
And think, the world no Masters hand doth guide,  
But Nature rolls the rounds of Day and || Year :  
And so they touch all Altars without fear :  
What's God, of all below must careless be \*, (see,  
Not Saints from Friends, not Fogs from Incense  
Diseern not praising from blaspheming tongues ;  
Ne're shine on right, nor storm at impious wrongs,  
As if it were abasing to a God †,  
To cast one glance on a terrene abode :

\* Epicuri de grege Porcus : *Horace.*

|| Sunt qui fortuna jam casibus omnia ponunt.

\* Et nullo credunt, mundum rectore moveri :

‡ Natura volente viret & lucis & anni

*read \*  
friends*

*\* vices*

**As**

As if (good God!) Supreme felicity,  
 Did wholly in a lazy posture lye : \*  
 And to thy bliss it needs disturbance brings,  
 To intermeddle with the care of things,  
 Chiefly of that which from mean Seed begins.  
 O bruits! that shape a God out of the vain  
 Ideas of their own distempered brain,  
 And suited to their vicious natures strain :  
 Shall we supiness, and an idle state, (hate;  
 Make Gods chief bliss, which good men scorn and  
 Esteeming it the Glory of great Kings, (things?  
 VVith guardiant eyes to shield the shrubs of  
 Gods Bliss, to whose unlimitable quick eye,  
 All things are present, and all naked lye;  
 So that without discourse, which labour brings,  
 He comprehends the perfect rule of things.  
 Gods bliss, the beck of whose Almighty Hand,  
 VVhole Natures force, nay, Nothing can't with-  
 stand,  
 But into Something springs at his command.  
 To whom to make more Worlds is easier found,  
 Than to take up an *Acorn* from the Ground,  
 To all the Garden-Swine ———  
 Since then the 'ternal Pow'r can live in Peace,  
 Yet foster all, and rule with perfect ease,  
 Nor in the least his Grandeur thus displease :  
 VVhy murmur ye, that ye his Goodness find :  
 To you more than you to your own selves kind ?

\* Atque adeo intrepedi quaecunque altaria tangunt. *Juvenal.*

*This latine verses belongs to y<sup>e</sup> verses  
 in the aforesaid page 109:*

Ungrate.

Ungrateful Swine ! Go herd your selves and run  
 With one fowl Mouth to grunt against the Sun,  
 For humbling his high Heav'nly self so low,  
 As with warm Beams to make your Pastures flow.  
 And talk no more, that Heaven nothing needs,  
 To banish quite from Earth Religious deeds.  
 As if a Peasant should not Homage pay  
 Of Grateful Honours to his Prince ; and say,  
 I humbly thank my Gracious Lord the King,  
 From whom to me such Bounties daily Spring ;  
 Because the mighty Monarch needs no Clown,  
 To grace with thanks the Jewels of his Crown.  
 True, the *Almighty Kings* Imperial Bliss  
 Plac'd in his Self's high Contemplation is  
 The Mirror and great Architype of all  
 That solid reason Great and Good can call :  
 That not all Hymns from Men and Angels sent ,  
 His Native Bliss and Glory can Augment,  
 As much as one poor spark bound upwards may  
 Augment the Brightness of an August day.  
 Why then should this most blisful One Create  
 \* The World, and still with care ore rule its State ?  
 Ask why \* the Sun doth flow in ampler Streams  
 Than Moon or Stars, why with more generous  
 Beams ?  
 Why do the Heavens so Bless the Womb of Earth  
 With Vital Heat and Seed for Fruitful Birth ?

\* Objection of the Epicureans.  
 Answer.

VVhy

Why from the Brooks such puny purlings come,  
 Whilst Nile with Thundring Floods sets from his  
 home,

And Yearly hugs blest Egypt's wealthy Land,  
 With the orewhelming bounty of his Hand :  
 Why doth the Sea with restless kindness too,  
 To all th' unnumbred Springs supplies renew,  
 Whilst narrow Cisterns just begin to flow,  
 And straight they fail, dry up and empty grow :  
 Why are some Lands of such an hide-bound soil,  
 And so ungrateful to the Tillers toil,  
 When Rich returns from better natur'd ground  
 To fill his Mouth, and Deck his Head, are found,  
 And Plains with freewill Fruits and Flowers  
 Crown'd ?

Why doth most Beauty most compliant prove  
 With the sweet motions of all noble Love,  
 And why such Clemency, such goodness find  
 We from the Valiant and Heroick mind ?  
 For still the largest Soul is the most kind.  
 'Tis, 'tis, because things of themselves are free  
 According to their nat'ral Goods degree.  
 So greatest Goods love most self to diffuse :  
 Therefore did God whole Nature's frame produce.  
 Therefore from one Point willing lines are found  
 To spring and pass all numbers and all bound :  
 Of which no cause can well-purg'd ears approve  
 But one, Self, and all moving Sea of Love. (ends  
 And thou (my Soul) know'st he who knows no  
 Of Days, of Bliss, of Glory, condescends

Meek



Meek, Lowly vales to visit with kind Eyes,  
\* Their Springs of Penitential Waters rise. \* *read Where*  
Not thinking therefore that this Ocean looks,  
Or needs assistance from such puny Brooks,  
Yet every Hour and Moment of each day,  
Send grateful Rivers to the boundless Sea,  
Not as Earth's Fountains to recruit, but show  
That thou to it thy self and all dost owe.

---

AN ADDRESS  
TO A  
LOYAL PENCIL;  
BEING

*A gentle Satyr against the Arch Fanaticism of our days, and the Substance of some Antifanatical Poems Publickly Communicated in Manuscript, when the Lopping or Excluding Faction was in its Meridian and highest Impudence; the contraction of which into this one, tho Composed before the Birth of the last most Holy Rebellion, may yet be less Impertinent than wish'd to our present Circumstances, if we consider the possibility of a remaining root of bitterness, and the secret throws of Santa Pretenza, for her after-burden.*

Beware of false Prophets which come to you in Sheeps-Cloathing, but inwardly they are Ravening Wolves; ye shall know them by their Fruits, *Matth. 7. 15.*

*Pictoribus atque Poetis.*

\* *ad:* Quidlibet audendi semper fuit <sup>a</sup>qua Potestas  
Scimus \* *Seimus, & hanc veniam petimusq; damusq; vicissem.*

To Painters and to Poets still hath been  
An equal power of daring any thing  
We know of old, and humbly crave such leave,  
And such to all, with all our Heart we give.

*Horat. de Art. Poet.*

br

A D D R E S S  
T O A  
P A I N T E R.

**D**EAR Painter Draw a Sepulcher within,  
Full fraught with dead mens Bones, and with  
some thing,

As Putrid stuff can make, without more white,  
(If possible) than Virgins Snow or Light;  
Or what's the same, draw Fiends as lately made  
The only Saints, in Holy Masquerade.

No wonder Sir, these should themselves so fly  
To Refuge in a Contrariety :

For from the first, the Dev'l us'd this deceit,  
And dearly lov'd to play the Counterfeit,

Shame and his Policy inforcing to't

To hide what might, all but his Cloven Foot;

For such is his Deformed Excellence, (sence,

'Twould scare both Scot-and-Lot-men out of

Should he appear upon Election

In his own shape to move Affection.

No, no, he knows his Picture would not take,  
But only for the Golden Frame's sweet sake.

*Zebub* left out, he doubts not to do well,  
 Looking as if his Name was only *Bell*.  
 Pray Draw him therefore with a curious Hand,  
 And let his Worship like an Image stand  
 Inricht all over with the Temple's spoils,  
 Which no presumptuous spot or wrinkle foils.  
 Make his grim Blackmores Face and Hands, most  
 With glorious gilt of fresh Angelick light, (bright  
 In all so feigning forms of Sanctity,  
 As if new-sent from the Empir'al Sky.  
 In these he may succesfully trepan,  
 At least the honest-hearted Christian,  
 VVho oft mistakes a *Jezebel* for Saint;  
 Adores, for Native Beauty, sordid Paint. (talks  
 By her starch'd looks, and Oyly Tongue, which  
 Nought but the Holy Land, bewiteht he  
                   walks,  
 Admiring her, till by Syrenean Charms,  
 He's Conjur'd in the Circle of her Arms;  
 Here Hug'd, he lives in Blindness till he Dies  
 (Poor wretch) the worst of all Captivities.  
 Then (prethee Pencil) be most Exquisite,  
 To draw this Dev'l, when Factious, bolt-upright;  
 Let him not in the least peep out his Nose  
 Of Door, but in Religious Sundays Cloaths,  
 Grave, Black, on Maiden VVhite, to keep fast in  
*read* \* *subtle*: His supple wits, which are prone forth to spring.  
 VVhen great pains taking, opes the little Doors  
 Through fervency, which nat'ral men call Pores.

*Address to a Painter.*

117

Add hallowed Frontlets of the largest size ;  
A Cloak more than the half Phylacteries,  
His Chariot must be Flaming Zeal, whereon  
With *Jehu's* Tongue he acts a *Phaeton*.  
Saints all like Angels for his numerous Train,  
And Kings made wicked, to make good his Reign;  
Kings with their fetter'd Nobles on each side,  
To Grace his Chariot with triumphant pride.  
Paint Lively on his Lips the sacred word,  
And in his Hand a double-edged Sword,  
Motto'd (for and against) to separate,  
'Twixt Godlike *Cæsars* Person and his State,  
To fight the Lairds own Battels, Manger Laws,  
The Lairds own Battels in the Devils Cause !  
O Prince of sins ! what Heaven most defies,  
Dares that of Heaven borrow a disguise ?  
Rebellion which with Witchcrafts cursed Hands  
Profanes and violates all Holy Bands ;  
By Covenant with Hell and the Black Prince,  
Quite to Renounce Heavens highest Excellence,  
VVhilest (horrid thing ! ) it spitefully agrees  
To scorn on Earth his sacred Deputies ;  
And that in all the likeness may hold good,  
The Solemn Covenant is sign'd with Blood,  
Their own malignant Blood, which Rebels must  
Give to appease th' Infernal Dragons thirst.  
Not only theirs, but Blood of Innocents,  
And from Bazillick Veins ; astonishments  
Confound me here, and horror sense prevents !



But draw an Altar, under which still cry,  
 Thiek Purple Bands of Martyr'd Loyalty;  
 Incircling round a bleeding Royal Love,  
 Like a meek Lamb, crown'd with a gall-less Dove.  
 How long (just Pow'rs) shall our dear Blood be  
 Yet unappeas'd to die the *Brittish* ground? (found,  
 And yet near by, paint Adders, which appear  
 Stopping 'gainst charms their unrelenting ear.  
 And Chairman *Pilat*, with wash'd hands, lift eyes,  
 Still mingling Blood with holy Sacrifice,  
 The Blood of the most holy Votaries. }  
 Nor doth vain humour bring unto my mind  
 Strange forms, unheard-of shapes to make or find;  
 For never yet did Rebel-Devil ride,  
 But with both men and arms all sanctifi'd.  
 Consult a while your reverend Monuments,  
 And draw what their sage Story represents,  
 That this besotted Age may see it's old,  
 To hilt seditious Swords with Temple-Gold.  
 Give one for all, proud *Korahs* company;  
 In formal ranks, and let their Banners fly,  
 Inscrib'd; The Lords own People, all Holy  
 Assertors of a Holy Liberty.  
 Lift up their Snow-white hands towards the Skies,  
 VVhilest poy'sned Arrows pelt their Dignities.  
 VVhat's *Moses* or Saint *Aaron*, that they thus  
 (Are they more holy?) Lord it over us?  
 Then whil'st with mouths full of a godly word,  
 They hand the Censor, squinting on the Sword,

Let

Let them approach the Altar, whence alone  
 They hope to Scale successfully the Throne;  
 Princes of Priests! Oh Holy Violence,  
 Not in a Mystick, but a lit'ral Sence,  
 At once to take, (what dares it not perform?)  
 The Earths & Heavens Kingdoms both by storm.  
 But Paint (canst thou) true fire, or what's the same,  
 Give Painted Fire a quick Vivacious Flame,  
 To which their Sacrilegious Zealots all, (fall,  
 (Strange Fire!) (strange Sacrifice!) Just Victims  
 Now for *Jacks* Parentage. Paint him begot  
 On Discontent, kind Cats most happy lot;  
 On discontent, by some Male Incubus;  
 Paint Faction, Midwife; Paint Sedition, Nurse;  
 Paint black Rebellion, bringing him at last  
 To proper Man, bad weed! that grows so fast  
 Up to an Elder, soon as come to light,  
 A Mushroom Off-spring of but to' ther night.  
 Paint him close joyn'd to any sect or thing,  
 To make Extinct the hated Name of King.  
 What if their Eyes to adverse points are bent?  
 Their Tails, like *Sampsons* Foxes, may consent  
 To carry Hells Fire-Brands of Zeal, to Burn  
 The Lords and his Anointed's sacred Corn.  
 Paint all his Associations near to be;  
 The League of *France* in Holy Amity,  
 Both meeting kind to Rob the Diadem,  
 VVith cursed Hands, of its most Orient Gem,  
 Supremacy o're sacred men and things,  
 The right of Jewish and all Christian Kings.

But shew the Thieves all up in arms to be,  
 Where this their stoln Treasure plac'd should be;  
*Jack* big with pride, (alas inrag'd Fool!)  
 Commanding Thrones to his Repenting-stool,  
 And the Impereal Robe by Holy Trump,  
 To kiss the Hem of his Synodick Jump.  
 Show how derived Gods he Violates,  
 And with Brute Thunder Excommunicates;  
 Thunder, which in another he defies,  
 And as the Triform *Cerbrus* howls decries;  
 Yet Heavens Viceroy presumes he to displace,  
 Piping all Kingdom to be found in Grace;  
 And lest no sequel from such premises  
 Let them be Saints, he'll make them Tyranize.  
 Paint now our bands assunder, and give thence  
 All Law to Eagle-sighted Impudence,  
 Which must outstare the Sun, amaz'd to Eye  
 Religion-Murd'ring Divinity,  
 That peaceful Gospel which came from the Stars;  
 Proclaiming nought but dire Intestine Wars.  
 Loud Mouth'd *Bonerges*, belching Flames like Guns,  
 And Thundering Pulpits, like to Major Drums.  
 Conducting silly Souls with Dev'lish Spells,  
 From Purgatories feign'd to Real Hells.  
 Bound with cross Chains of Contradicting Oaths,  
 Which *Turks* and *Pagans* never could Impose.  
 Paint now *Egyptian Taxers*, which may rate,  
 Poll Decimate, Plunder and Sequestrate,  
 Selling Lives, Liberties all to support  
 Hells high Tribunal, Heavens Judging Court.

But

But lest that Mealmouth *Jack* complains that  
 He hath no part, pray draw a Butcher fair, (here  
 Binding a Lamb, the meekest of the Flock,  
 Then Boy dispatch him first, thus t' d to Block ;  
 And Pencil, this depending strife decide,  
 Which of the two may best be justifi'd. (think)  
 Then shew how this (what heart could other  
 This Vip'rous Brood expires with curse and stink;  
 Whilst Vengeance hails its Arch-conductors all  
 To the due Glories of their Godly call.  
 Yet by, so draw the Stars, that all appear  
 In form to hasten a Plantonick Year.  
 Mens Heads Vertigo'd with male Influence,  
 Distracting so their very common Sence,  
 That they all over Act in publick view  
 The frantick Scenes of Forty one and two.  
 Shew how the Martyr'd Rumpers now awake,  
 And in the Senate their old Stations take,  
 With Reverend shades ascending from black Dis,  
 Into our Saints (blest *Metempsycofes*),  
 To Club for one: \* *Smectimnean* Monster more,  
 And make again *Geneva's* Bull to Roar,  
 That only could out-bellow *Greeks Stantore*.  
 Shew how old *Pan* the Mobile Inspires  
 Both with his Pipe and with his wandring Fires,  
 Which look like Fiends to Malanchollick sights,  
 Tho nought in truth, but *Jack* with Lanthorn-  
 Light.

*Read \**  
*Platonick:*

*\* Metempsycofes*

*Marshall*  
*+ Stantore*

\* The four Club Divines.

Rais'd

Rais'd by and to Distempered fancies pains,  
 Out of the heated Bogs of Factious Brains,  
 As poyson full as the Plot-Masters Reins.  
 Let Black-Mouth'd Calumny with filthy steams,  
 Now strive again to dark the Suns bright beams,  
 Which being stout, thousand to one at last,  
 But some howe're unjust, may yet stick fast.  
 Here let bold Clippers of the Crown, and there  
 The parers of the Royal Robe appear,  
 Such as for Cowardize, Damn'd *David's* Breast,  
 When with Regret for *Saul's* cropt Garment  
 And would both *Saul* and *David* to Divest (prest  
 Divest their Kings, till them should nakedness,  
 The peoples Creatures, (tho their Gods) confess.  
 All this can't do, pray change the Pencil, and  
 Call Aiding *Genij* to your Royal Hand.  
 Call him that drew the Vine so cur'ously,  
 That Birds with eager Wings towards it fly,  
 And set upon plump lively clusters, loath  
 To own the Cheat, tho they go blushing off.  
 Call him that drew the shade so Dextrously,  
 That as a Curtain men would put it by,  
 That of the Vine they might have fuller sight,  
 One Sense befool'd, the other Reasons light.  
 Call *Angelo*, and all for Paint Renown'd  
 In and about the fam'd *Italian* Ground.  
 Then draw a Saint for Glorious Zeal more gay  
 Than ever was Saint *Barnaba's* bright day.  
 \* *Santa Pretenza* is her Name, a Saint Holy Pretence.  
 That of all others Merits most of Paint.

read \*  
 Loyall:

Her



Her habit must be all of Heavenly Loom;  
 A Present from some Sister-Angel come,  
 But chiefly let her upper Robe white be,  
 As if di'd newly in the Gallaxie;  
 That it be long enough (pray) have great care,  
 That there below no Cloven Foot appear.  
 Her Face, Neck, Hands and Breasts, and all to sight  
 That comes, must be wash'd with Fresh Virgin  
 Light,  
 Such as that Noon, which by th' Almighty Word,  
 Nothing did in the worlds day-break afford;  
 For here no Mot no Spot may Criticks spie,  
 Nor shade, except Religious Gravity.  
 VVhen e're her Saintship daigns to take process  
 To solemn Acts of full-blown holiness,  
 Her let Nymph *Eccho* follow, and the rest,  
 VVith which *Narcissus* in the VVoods was blest,  
 Paint more than \* *Atrops* knife in her right hand,  
 VVhilest in the Left a Sage black Box must stand  
 VVith Knife, she as a new fourth Destiny,  
 Rescinds the Acts of the old Sacred three, (makes  
 Cuts off those Lines which Heav'ns high Council  
 To mete and fix the Bounds of Regal states, (Line,  
 Dread thing! dares oft break Heavens Eternal  
 To make way for her own, as more Divine!  
 But this can't do, firm Thread which Heaven hath  
 And only hath end, whence it first begun, (spun,

\* *Atropus* one of the three Destinies, whose office was to cut the Thread of human periods, as of the other two, one to hold the distaff, the other to spin the Thread out.

Nor

Nor needs Religion fair *Pretenza* skill ;  
 For prop obedience to the Heavenly will,  
 Is pure and only true Religion still.  
 They Gods dread Self Exclude in very deed,  
 That Vote not his Vicegerents to succeed.  
 As liquid Floods in one continued stream,  
 VVhere they in fee hold the bright Diadem,  
 In fee of the blest Deity alone,  
 And scorn Election to Eclipse the Throne ;  
 To make good therefore true successions Line,  
 And shew how *Pretenza* next with Hands Divine  
 Presents (O rarely skill'd in all state-locks)  
 A Reverend black thing like *Pandora's* Box,  
 Looking as if she knew no mighty odds,  
 But that her self was gifted by the gods,  
 As well as she when sent to mens abodes.  
 First let her the *Prometheans* tempt with it,  
 Boasting it brings an Heir of Royal Wit ,  
 As well as of a Royal true Descent,  
 Gods chief Delight, *Isra'ls* chief Ornament.  
 But let these weigh the Present's Excellence  
 In Golden Scales of Godlike Providence.  
 So scorn her offer as a damn'd pretence,  
 The boasted *Eagle* scorn, whose spurious Eye  
 Dares not behold the Suns bright Majesty.  
 But rather would the joy of all Eyes fly.  
 Then let the Saint with all her care and art,  
 Make Present to the *Epimethean* part.  
 VVho more consulting change, than solid peace ;  
 Muchless Religions then their prides increase ;

Accept

Accept and open this Myſterious Box,  
Out flies a ſwarm of worſe than Plague or Pox;  
A ſwarm of Hell-bred miſchiefs ruſhes out,  
And buzzing flies three brainſick Realms about.  
Paint lively this, ſhew how the people run,  
As if all with *Tarantula's* were ſtung.  
Some their mad ſelves dance almoſt out of breath;  
And ſome more eager Dance themſelves to death.  
Their Maſters Muſick ſtill more poyſon brings  
Than cure, till they crack their Inchanting ſtrings,  
This ſome beholding with conſid'ring Eyes,  
Leave off their Dancing, to be timely wiſe;  
Wiſe when they ſee the Rev'rend Box ſo ope,  
That there remains in, not ſo much as hope;  
Leſs than in *Pandors* taking Air 'tis Dead.  
Elſe on the *Eagles* hanging pinions fled.  
Paint Saint now like *Medea*, muttering Charms,  
Or Chafing like an *Amazon* in Arms;  
The great *Penthiſile*, when mad with Grief,  
She foam'd amidſt thick Troops for *Troys* Relief.  
For nothing 'gainſt ſucceſſion can ſucceed,  
No, neither Knife nor Box will do the deed.  
Therefore in place of theſe, ſlung off with Curſe,  
Paint (what may both ſupply) a Blunderbuſ  
Inſcrib'd, *Since I ſupernal Gods can't bend,*  
*I'll roar to make th' Infernal Gods aſcend.*  
But whiſt the Saint a *Lyoneſs* in Heart,  
Yet gently acts the lowly Lambs meek part,  
And Couching waits the diſmal day, to tear  
Three mighty Kingdoms in a Royal Pair.

(O sacred Pair) in whom did mighti'st love (prove,  
 Most mystick powers and pow'rful myst'ries  
 \* Shew fire from Heaven, a fire whose wondrous  
 Brings both Saint & her pious frauds to sight; (light  
 Display how at this Fires Puissant heat,  
 (Bad friend to paint) the Saint dissolves in sweat;  
 How her fine Cloaths drop off, hands melt, and  
 And leave a Naked Devil in their place. (face,  
 For Pencil now, and Colours, send to Hell,  
 Else canst thou never draw this Fury well;  
 Describe her squallid hairs thick trac'd with knots  
 In which grim Serpents hatch and hiss out Plots.  
 Some on her blistred shoulders dangling down,  
 Some brisling up, and cluster'd to a Crown;  
 Still threatening Heaven with endeavour'd Wars,  
 Heaven, whence she dropt amongst the rebel stars  
 From both her Eyes let flaming Rivers flow,  
 Such as *Vesuvius* and fierce *Ætna* know.  
 Out of her Mouth black smoak must never rest,  
 To speak a *Phlegathon* within her breast,  
 Nor let her meager Cheeks desist to tell,  
 That Envy is her most Compendious Hell.  
 Throughout her *Negro* frame, let Pictrine Brass,  
 With Cuts of various shapes, her honour grace  
 Old *Brittains* gallantry, as sage Bards sang,  
 E're *French* Diseases, with *French* Modes began.  
 Here let fierce *Harpies*, rav'nous *Vulturs* there,  
 The num'rous race of *Tipbons* blood appear.  
 Here *Minotaurs*, there *Centaur's* 'bove the rest,  
 A Monster of six Heads upon one Breast.  
 Circled with all the Monsters *Libia* finds,  
 Sprung from Conjunction of far distant kinds.

\* New Market Fire.

Then



Then let a Viper have next signal part,  
 A Viper preying on its Parents Heart.  
 But by a *Pigmi Proteus* taught too well,  
 Who Faces Heaven, whilst he looks to Hell.  
 Thy Mystick Signet of this mighty thing,  
 A Crafty Monster call'd a *Sphinx* must bring.  
 Posie (unridled !) I am Dead. ———  
 To make good this at length in streams most foul,  
 Let slimy Tap piss out his Plotful Soul.  
 Himself first seeing Heaven, Anatomise  
 \* His *Pandemonian* Heart to all mens Eyes ;  
 Stay here no more, but give at last this Fiend  
 A Cloven Foot (inscrib'd) *Divide and Reign*,  
 And shew how she in pleasure doth prevail,  
 Scourging her self with her own Snaky Tayl.  
 But (Painter) next a mighty Troop bring in,  
 That now hedg in no Cuckows but their sin !  
 O ! Holy One ! Prince Disinheriting,  
 Shew how they stamp with zealous spite at will  
 On poor black Boxes, an Exclusion Bill.  
 Yet giving (gentle Pencil !) each man leave  
 To have a Weather-Glass within his sleeve, (is  
 VVhose Motto peeping out, minds what their will  
 (*Tempera Mutantur nos & Mutamur in illis*.  
 Still yielding to, with most observant care,  
 The changeling temper of the Ambient Air.  
 As free and facil, to fall low or rise,  
 As the prophetick Liquor Weather-wise.  
 But let them on and curse *Pretenza* more  
 Than ever they *Hosanna'd* her before

\* *Pandemonian* of the General Court or Council-House of all  
 the Devils.



Heaven most Triumphs, when Devils forced be  
To grin confession of the Deity.

Yet draw the *Roman* Crow prepar'd to cry,  
All Hail Great *Cesar*, or *Mark Anthony*,  
According to the chance of Victory.

And lest late *Janus's* now cheat the Eyes  
Of honest Hearts with Rainbow Loyalties,  
Paint Lively out, how Earth-bred Clouds can soon  
As oft in *par'tels* Ape the Sun or Moon;

Shew how warm Suns make Butterflies to frisk,  
And out Carvet Brave Barbs not half so brisk;  
Shew how the seven Sleepers all Retreat (heat  
And hide, when Sun-Beams seem to lose their  
And wail their Fountains power as not great.

Which when *Favonius* whispers in their Ear,  
With his warm Breath, and tells that *Sol* is near,  
And full of kindly power, all forth run  
Like *Persians* <sup>to</sup> adore the Rising Sun.

This is enough to deck a Palace round (Crown'd  
Where *Prestor Jack* with pleasures might be  
Seeing great *Cesars* mighty Chariot Grace  
VVith Saint *Pretenza* to its wheels made fast;  
VVhilst true-bred Royalists fly cheerful by,  
As free as Eagles through the yielding sky.

True Hearts that Cherish'd in sad VVinter-time,  
Poor Loyalty damn'd for a first-rate Crime;  
Tho now the very Brambles Garlands bear  
Of *Amaranth* to Crown her Golden Hair,  
Thus that great VVord which *Chaos* did Refine,  
Still out of darkness, makes fair light to shine.

F I N I S.

read\*  
Car' hols  
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y him

Kingly

